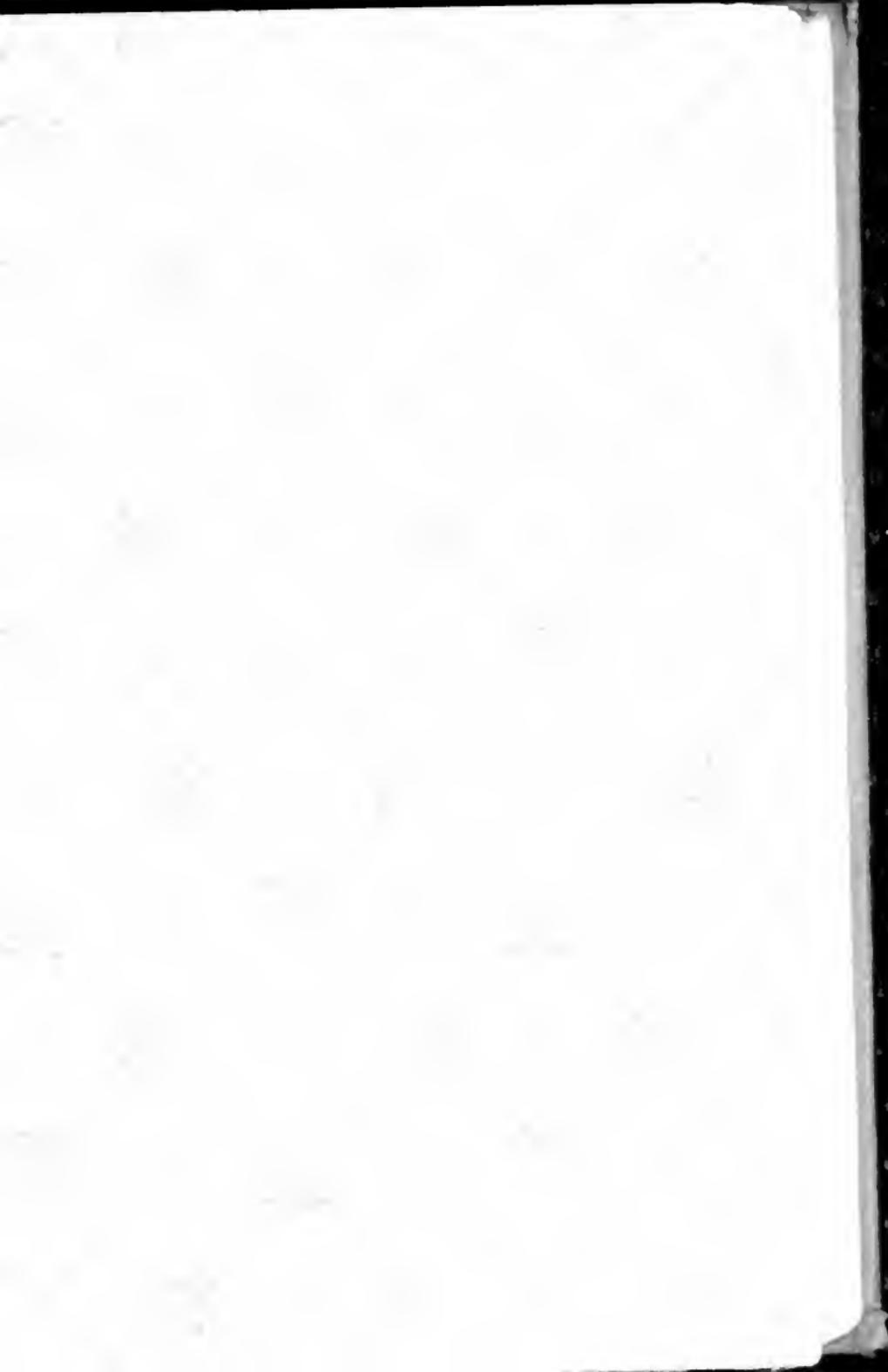


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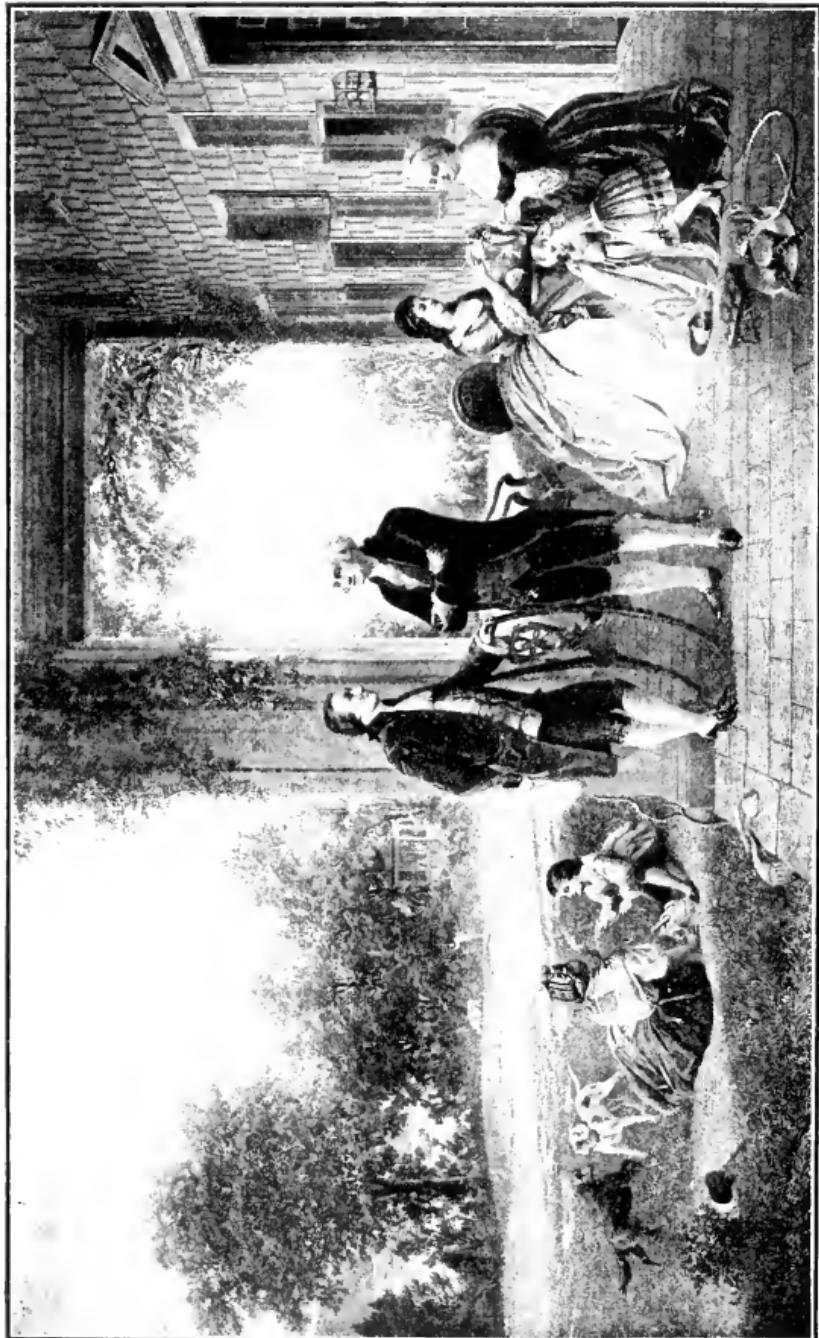
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"BEAUTIFUL MOUNT VERNON"

THE
BOYS AND GIRLS
OF THE
WHITE HOUSE

BY

AGNES CARR SAGE

Author of "A Little Colonial Dame," "A Little Daughter of the Revolution," etc.



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September, 1909

TO THE BEST OF COUSINS
MRS. CLEMENT MOORE AND ALICE M. BRITTAN
IN MEMORY OF THE DAYS WHEN WE WERE ALL
GIRLS TOGETHER, IN A BIG HOSPITABLE WHITE
HOUSE, THIS VOLUME IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR

INTRODUCTION

THE HOMESTEAD OF THE NATION

LIKE a fairy tale runs the quaint legend which sheds a glamour of romance over the little tract of land known as the District of Columbia, the hub, as it were, of our republic, from which the United States radiate out, in ever-increasing numbers.

Interesting, too, is the story of the City of Laws, during the hundred and more years in which it has been growing from a mere squatter settlement into a vast town of most "magnificent distances," whose power reaches around the world.

Described in ancient chronicles as "The most healthful and pleasantest region in all this country," it was a capital long before George Washington paced off the Federal City; for there the mighty Algonquin tribe of American Indians came to hold their councils of war, and there Powhatan — the father of Pocahontas — with his eighty fiercest chiefs, donned their battle

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paint or smoked the *calumet* — the great pipe of peace.

“*Nacochtank*,” they called this wigwam seat of government while, later, when the red men had given way to English ploughmen and wood-choppers, an old prophecy was often recalled that in this locality there was destined, some day, to arise the capital of a very strong and powerful nation.

Legendary lore says that in 1663, one Francis Pope was vouchsafed a vision of the future, in which he beheld a stately house of parliament crowning what is now Capitol Hill. With faith in this dream, then, he straightway purchased the eminence and made himself “Pope of Rome,” by naming it after the Imperial Italian City, while the sluggish stream at its base he called the “Tiber.”

But the world moved slowly in those early Colonial days, and the visionary Francis passed away before he had seen the fulfilment of his revelation, although he died in the firm belief that his wooded hill would yet be the site of a grand edifice, devoted to the laws and law-makers of a mighty empire.

Handed down from mouth to mouth, this fantastic fable was finally told to General Washington and his chosen architect, Major L'En-

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fant, when they met the owners of the land, in an old-fashioned tavern at Georgetown, to negotiate for the transfer of the property to the Government, and may have inspired them with fresh hope for the success of the infant republic, although, at that period, naught but forest trees covered the hill called "Rome" and the "Tiber" was derisively known as "Goose Creek." This last is said to still flow on as a modern sewer.

George Washington, however, had noted and loved this beautiful spot from the time he was only an obscure lieutenant with the Army, on Observatory Hill, and it was his influence which swayed the council to select that site; he who drew up the agreement; and he who planned the capital city which Pierre Charles L'Enfant laid out on paper and on such a grand scale that most people considered it wild and chimerical.

The artistic Frenchman was shortly after removed, and Andrew Ellicott of Philadelphia put in his place, but the fair city of dreams, as it stands to-day, certainly had its origin in the first architect's daring, creative brain.

Now, then, at last, Pope's shadowy vision was crystallized into reality. The dome of the Capitol, designed by Dr. William Thornton, arose on the summit of "Rome," while a mile

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and a half away, a home for the rulers of the nation was erected on Pennsylvania Avenue, the street which has well been termed the "*Via Sacra*" of the new world.

It was Captain James Hobon, an Irishman, who planned the White House, modelling it after the palace of the Duke of Leinster, in Dublin; and the corner stone was laid on the 13th of October, 1792. Constructed of Virginia freestone, painted white, it has a frontage of one hundred and seventy feet and is eighty-six feet deep, with a circular porch in the rear and a colonnade in front. Burned by the British in 1814, it was rebuilt in the self-same manner, almost a replica of the original mansion, and here, ever since the days of John Adams, our Presidents and their families have lived and moved and had their political being.

Within its snowy walls, a myriad joys and a myriad sorrows have been known. Little souls have been born; great ones passed away. The famous East Room, eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and the pretty Blue Room, have each been the scene of many a wedding and many a christening; while, as we look back across the nineteenth century, we see a bright, blithe band of young Americans, the boys and girls of the historic White House, who have come and gone,

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flitting through the gardens, awaking the echoes in the long corridors with their fresh ringing voices and ever, by their presence, making a more cheery and homelike place of the big stone Homestead of the Nation.

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THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE
WHITE HOUSE

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

CHAPTER I

WASHINGTON'S ADOPTED CHILDREN

SOMEONE has said that "George Washington was never given sons and daughters of his own, in order that he might be the Father of his Country"; but he was a parent to more than the land of his birth, so warmly did the children and grandchildren of his wife entwine themselves about his heart and grow into his life and love; while to them, our first President ever proved the wisest and kindest of stepfathers.

Little John and Martha Parke Custis were but six and four years of age when their mother, the rich and attractive widow, Martha Dandridge Custis, married gallant Colonel Washington. Oddly enough, too, the pleasant home on the York River where these young folks were

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born was known far and wide as the “White House.”

The great Virginian plantation, as well as the “Six Chimney House” in Williamsburg, belonged to their own, though scarcely-remembered, father, and was by him bequeathed to his wife and little ones, and in these two places they dwelt during the mother’s widowhood. Some writers, too, have endeavored to trace a fanciful connection between the name of the Custis homestead and that of the White House in the District of Columbia, saying that Washington wished the official residence of the Presidents of the United States to be so called in memory of the lovely spot in which his happiness was consummated; but there seems no foundation for this romantic theory.

The fact remains, though, that young Jacky and Patsy — as they were fondly nicknamed — were a veritable boy and girl of the White House, although they never saw the famous executive mansion, which was not then even dreamed of.

But it was a happy January day for them, when the tall, military man came to their ancestral home and there was a gay colonial wedding at Twelfth Night, celebrated with true, old-time Virginia hospitality, and to which fair

dames and distinguished men flocked from miles around.

The remainder of the winter was passed in the quaint, old city of Williamsburg, then the capital, and which was laid out with its streets forming a W and M, in honor of William and Mary, who in 1689 had been proclaimed the Lord and Lady of Virginia. But when the flowers bloomed in the spring they were whisked away, in a chariot and four, to beautiful Mount Vernon, that now historic house, filled with massive furniture and odd bric-a-brac, where they found acres of rich land laid out in lawns, fruit orchards and flower gardens; a blue, rippling river to fish and wade in, and a great enclosed portico, more than ninety feet long, that was the finest playroom in the world, for a rainy day.

Here, then, they lived, during the happy hours of childhood; Martha, who is recorded as "a lady-like child of winning ways," studying the very simple lessons thought necessary for girls a hundred and fifty years ago, working samplers in "cross, tent and satin stitch," and practising on the harpsichord, beneath Lady Washington's gentle but firm tuition, and meanwhile growing into the charitable little "dark lady," as she was called from her brunette com-

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plexion, who, as years increased, might often be seen on her pony going about on errands of mercy to the cottages of the poor and afflicted.

Master John, on the contrary, was his step-father's daily companion, learning from him military tactics and engineering, while together they enjoyed many a glorious gallop or tracked some wily Reynard to the death. As the great man once noted in his diary, "Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis and catched a fox; after three hours' chase found it in the creek."

In the evening, guests were frequently at Mount Vernon, but if there were none, the master was fond of reading aloud, or one can imagine him, on a stormy winter night, by the big log fire, drawing Jacky and Patsy to his knee and telling them stories of his own boyhood, of the pranks of the pupils at Master Hobby's school, or how he once attempted to tame a wild colt and the dire result thereof. Much better, too, does this true incident set forth the honesty and manliness of Washington's youthful character, than the popular and rather mythical tradition of the cherry tree and the hatchet.

George was but a lad in his early teens when one summer morning he, together with two or three boys who were visiting him, strolled out

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to see his mother's colts, among which was one very valuable but very vicious young horse that was particularly prized by Mary Washington because it was of a pedigreed race which her husband had bred. Never did a brute beast display a more fierce and ungovernable temper, and it was generally believed that it could never be tamed.

Youth, however, is daring, and presently George suggested that if his companions would help him catch the colt and force a bridle bit into his mouth, he would mount him. They readily agreed and before the sorrel comprehended what was intended, he was driven into a corner, the bridle was adjusted and our future President on his back. But then a terrible struggle ensued. His lordly horseship wildly reared and plunged and rushed madly about the fields, but the boy stuck firmly on his bare back and curbed him with his strong, young arms. In vain the colt tried to dislodge his rider, and finally, making one last, desperate effort, he burst a blood vessel and fell, dying on the ground.

At this catastrophe the lads were frightened and dismayed beyond measure, for every one stood deeply in awe of Madam Washington, and "what to say to her" was the question all

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but George were debating when they were summoned in to breakfast.

The first question, too, of the lady of the house was, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of; my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

At this the guests were overcome with confusion, but when the question was repeated, George spoke up and said: "Your favorite, Madam, is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed. "How has this happened?"

"That sorrel horse," replied the brave boy, "has long been considered ungovernable and beyond the power of man to tame. This morning we forced a bit into his mouth. I mounted him and rode him around the pasture, but in a desperate struggle for the mastery he broke a blood vessel, fell under me, and is now no more."

For an instant the mother's cheek flushed with anger, but a moment later, she remarked, with the calmness and justice for which she was noted, "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite animal, I rejoice in my son who always speaks the truth."

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Doubtless this anecdote was a popular one at the Mount Vernon fireside; but no matter how entertaining the reading or conversation, the family party always broke up and retired as soon as the tall clock chimed the hour of nine.

Surrounded by every comfort, ten years rolled smoothly and happily on, the only shadow being the delicate health of young Martha, who had inherited from her father the dread seeds of consumption. Much was hoped from a visit to the Warm Springs of Virginia, but nothing was of any avail, and one summer day she faded away quite suddenly, like the sweet June roses blooming outside at the time.

Washington, who was deeply attached to the gentle girl, hastened home from his public duties at Williamsburg, only just in time to have her breathe her last in his arms, and to him she bequeathed all her property, which was no inconsiderable fortune.

The negroes, as well as the family, were heart-broken at the loss of lovely Patsy, while the following year Mrs. Washington was still too sad to attend the wedding of her son; for in February John suddenly abandoned his studies at King's College, New York, in order to marry young Eleanor Calvert, a maiden of "sweet

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sixteen " and a grandchild of Lord Baltimore.

Ready enough, though, was she to welcome the girlish bride and sent her this note:

" MY DEAR NELLY:

" God took from Me a Daughter when June roses were blooming. He has given me another daughter, about her Age, when Winter Winds are blooming, to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as one so Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction and a Wish that You may long live the Loving Wife of my happy Son and a Loving Daughter of

" Your Affectionate Mother,

" M. WASHINGTON."

The first wish was fulfilled for nine years, but nine very anxious years, not only at Mount Vernon, but also at the home of the young couple at Abingdon on the Potomac; for a greater part of the time, both Washington and his ward were away, fighting for American independence.

Scarcely, too, had Cornwallis surrendered, when a messenger arrived with news that " Colonel John Custis was dying of camp fever at Eltham, near Yorktown," and he shortly followed his sister, leaving his wife a widow at twenty-five, and four small children, the youngest two of whom, Eleanor Parke Custis, two

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and a half years old, and George Washington Parke Custis, a dimpled baby of six months, were legally adopted by General and Lady Washington.

So once again the old rooms at Mount Vernon rang with merry childish voices and a new generation filled the places of "dear Jacky" and the little "dark lady." The grandparents, however, found dark-eyed, curly-headed Nelly a very different child from her tractable Aunt Patsy, for the gay, saucy lassie cared far more for play and romping than for books and music, while she rebelled outright at having her head dressed each day with feathers and ribbons. As she grew older, her foster father, to encourage her, presented her with a fine harpsichord, costing one thousand dollars; but this only proved an instrument of torture to the young lady when forced to practise, and her brother records that "She would cry and play and play and cry for hours." The detested harpsichord still graces Mount Vernon, having been generously sent back there by Mrs. Lee after the purchase of the historic spot by the Women of America.

The blond, little boy was undoubtedly his grandmother's favorite, and Nelly often said, "It was well grandpa and not grandma was

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educating Washington, for grandma certainly would spoil him."

But the petted darlings had good times on the dear old plantation, where their mother often stayed with them, as well as their two elder sisters, Elizabeth and Martha, and both accompanied Lady Washington on her triumphal journey to New York a month after her husband's inauguration as first President of the United States, and, at the ages of eight and ten years, enjoyed many a peep at the fashionable gaieties of the day.

It seems a pity that they could not have witnessed the great Inauguration itself, but they, probably, had many glowing descriptions written them thereof, and I am sure they would have heartily enjoyed a letter supposedly indited by a lad of 1789, and which may well be introduced here, as giving an account of the grand event, from a boy's standpoint.

23 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,

May 5, 1789.

MY DEAR WINTHROP,— It is a thousand pities that you had so soon to return to Boston, for vastly stirring times have we had in New York this spring, and we boys have come in

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for our share of the sport, and have paraded the streets in cocked hats, with swords at our sides, every minute out of school, for a full month past. I was chosen the captain of the "Juvenile Tomahawks," and I flatter myself that my company did credit to its commander, when, on the 23rd of April, we marched in the wake of the military procession down to Murray's Wharf to welcome the new President; and I know we made more noise than any other regiment there, as every mother's son shouted at the top of his lungs, if a bit out of tune —

" Brave Washington arrives,
 Arrayed in warlike fame,
While in his soul revives
 Great Marlboro's martial fame,
To lead our young republic on
 To lasting glory and renown."

which is an old song made over to suit the occasion.

The girls fancied it immensely, for as we passed Mistress Graham's Select School, all the pupils came running to the windows, and comely Betty Waddington, who generally is such a high and mighty little puss, flung a great bunch of purple laylocks and yellow daffies right

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at my feet, while the rest giggled and cheered and waved their kerchiefs as though they were half daft with delight.

I assure you, after that, the drum and fife outdid themselves, and every "Tomahawk" held himself as straight as an Indian brave; but the wharf once reached, such a rare view met our eyes that we all broke ranks and scrambled for good places to see, while little Wash Irving's eyes nearly popped out with excitement. Verily, Win, it was grand to behold the blue bay dotted over with hundreds of boats, dancing up and down on the waves, and every ship in the harbor but one a perfect nosegay of banners and streamers. The government vessel, *North Carolina*, was a "sight for gods and men," as brother Jake says; but will you credit it, the *Galveston*, the Spanish man-of-war, never displayed a color except her own national flag? Deary me! you ought to have heard how the people growled and grumbled at the "ill-mannered Spaniard"; but pretty soon we forgot all but the coming hero as a volley of cannon sounded from the Jersey shore, and the finest barge that ever I saw came darting out of the Kills, rowed by thirteen masters of vessels, all dressed in white, with little Tom Randall's

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father acting as coxswain, and commanded by Commodore Nicholson.

In the centre sat the General, and what do you think? Just as he came abreast of the *Galveston*, in an instant, as if by magic, the ship bloomed out with every flag and signal known, while from the deck was fired a salute of thirteen guns. Wasn't that a handsome compliment? And the crowd changed its tune in a twinkling, and cheered and shouted itself hoarse, while the "Tomahawks" did their share so nobly that an old soldier with a wooden leg nodded approval, and said: "Ay, that's right, my little cockerels! Crow away! Ye'll never again see a day like to this day."

Billy Van Antwerp, Arty Tappan and I crept down close to the stairs prepared for the chieftain to land by, so heard every word of Governor Clinton's address of welcome, and then we tramped after the troops when they escorted his Excellency up through Queen Street to the Governor's quarters near Pine. There was a chariot waiting for him to ride in, but he would have none of it, and walked off arm in arm with his host under the floral arches erected in his honor, just as though he was Taffy the fiddler or some other commonplace body. But for

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all that, Cousin Win, he is the grandest, most splendid gentleman that ever wore shoe buckles, and my throat was sore for two days from shrieking,—“Huzza! huzza! three cheers for the Father of his Country!”

Master Hoppin gave us holiday for the whole day, so we had a famous drill in the afternoon, only a shower came up and wet us to the skin, while we were afraid it would spoil the illuminations in the evening. Howsomever, the rain held up after sundown, so, although the pavements were very damp, New York was as gay as a pantomime with candles, lamps, and transparencies.

But if the 23rd of April was a goodly day, the 30th was goodlier, for then the Inauguration took place in the Federal Hall, at Wall and Broad streets, which you will remember as the old tumble-down City Hall, but which has been all made over by the French architect, Monsieur L'Enfant, and now has a most beautiful balcony and arcade.

I tried to persuade brother Jake to ask the Marshal, Colonel Lewis, to let the Juvenile Tomahawks march in the procession, but Jake is vastly stuck up since he joined the “Grenadiers,” and laughed and poked so much fun at the idea, saying, “Little bantams shouldn't try

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to stretch their necks too high," that I was sorely affronted, and stamped out of the house to cool my rage. Anyway I shall be six feet myself some day, and then if I am not a Grenadier my name is not Bob Van Kortland.

Well, on the morning of the 30th all the old folks went to church to pray for the new government, but we boys were off betimes to Broad Street and secured a capital place on a roof opposite the Hall, where we sat and dangled our feet over the edge and munched gingerbread until after twelve o'clock, when Captain Stakes's dragoons hove in sight, for again the city troops had to escort the President-elect from his residence in Cherry Street. After them came Captain Van Dyck's artillery, and then the other foot soldiers; and verily I did feel proud of Jake when I saw him marching with the other tall youths, in his blue uniform with its red facings and gold ornaments, his cocked hat adorned with white feathers and his black "spatter-dashes" buttoned close from knee to shoe top.

Captain Scriba's German company, also, looked as gorgeous as a flock of peacocks, in blue coats, yellow waistcoats and breeches, and funny black bearskin caps, while every fat face beamed with happiness, for many of them were once the slaves of the Prince of Hesse Cassel.

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but have lately had their freedom purchased for them. The Highlanders, too, marched well, and they squeaked away on their bagpipes like good fellows.

The street below was one mass of upturned faces; every window, roof and balcony was thronged; and while we waited, that pudding-head Fig Coltey wagered me a dozen cheese cakes that the new President would wear a crown like the picture of King George and a big cloak trimmed with ermine.

You can fancy my elation, then, when the great man stepped out on the balcony dressed in a plain suit of brown cloth, white silk stockings, and shoes with the simplest of silver buckles, all of which they tell me are of American manufacture. I am sure you would have laughed could you have seen Fig's disgusted countenance (his father is suspected of being a bit of a Tory), as he gazed with his mouth wide open, his nose an inch higher than usual, and looking for all the world like a dying duck in a thunder-storm. So I won the cheese cakes, and uncommonly good they were, but just after that we had no time to think of wagers, for we were all busy picking out the distinguished men in the background — John Adams, the Vice-President, Roger Sherman, General Knox, Baron Steuben,

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and a host of others that I have not space to mention. Then Chancellor Livingston, dressed all in black like a mute at a funeral, arose, and the little Secretary of the Senate held up a large, open Bible on a beautiful crimson cushion. It was so still you could have heard a pin drop, and oh, how noble and dignified Washington did look as he stretched out his hand to take the oath of office, and bowing his powdered head, kissed the book! But as soon as the Chancellor proclaimed, "Long live George Washington, the President of the United States!" I verily believe the huzzas might have been heard down at Sandy Hook. Faith, it was a fine, solemn scene, and one I shall never forget should I live to be as old as Daddy Top-liff; and much did I desire to hear the inaugural speech. But they would not let us into the Hall of Representatives, where it was delivered, so all the Tomahawks scampered off to St. Paul's Church, and waited in line until the new President drove up there, when, as he entered, we presented arms, at which he smiled and nodded and said something to Mr. Adams about "Young Americans."

Cousin Bella will be interested to know that there is soon to be a very grand inaugural ball in the City Assembly rooms for which

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my sisters are having made exceedingly fine petticoats and perriots of striped silk trimmed with gauze — at least that is what I think Eve told me to say — while they are taking private dancing lessons from Monsieur Hewlett, in hopes of having the honor of treading a minuet with "Mr. President," as Congress has decided the new ruler shall be called. Howsoever, many regrets are expressed that Lady Washington will not be here on the occasion.

In faith, Winthrop, this is a lengthy letter which I have writ you with my own hand, the more so that I am none too fond of wielding the quill, so I will only add that I have just heard that Arty Tappan has been selected to serve as a page at the ball, and present each lady with a French fan of ivory and paper bearing a likeness of George Washington, as a *souvenir* of the first inauguration.

Pray present my respects to Uncle and Aunt Endicott, and believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate kinsman,

ROBERT BAYARD VAN KORTLAND.

But although the young folks of Mount Vernon were not with Bob and Arty and little Washington Irving on the day of that great pageant, the journey they took to New York

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in company with their grandmamma and their tutor, Mr. Tobias Lear, who also acted as secretary to the General, was almost a royal progress, with military receptions, music and fireworks all along the route, while they were welcomed to the metropolis with prolonged cheers and shouts of "Long live President Washington and God bless Lady Washington," on all sides.

Here their home and the first executive mansion was a low-ceilinged house on the corner of Pearl and Cherry streets, which was sometimes dignified by the title of "the Palace." But it was an exceedingly simple court that was held there, and the children's studies were vigorously kept up under Mr. Lear and the wise discipline of their grandmother, although no doubt they were often allowed a half hour at the Friday evening receptions when the Vans and Vons of the old Knickerbocker and Patroon families came to pay their respects to the head of the nation; where there was always plum-cake, tea, coffee and pleasant chit-chat; but which were invariably broken up at an early hour by the hostess rising and saying with a gracious smile: "The General always retires at nine and I usually precede him."

The domestic part of the household, both

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here and later in the more commodious mansion on Broadway, near Bowling Green, was looked after by Samuel Fraunces, the keeper of the once famous Fraunces' Tavern, while under him served a cook by the name of Hercules; and of these young Custis wrote in after years, "When Fraunces, in snow white apron, silk shirt and stockings, and hair in full powder, placed the first dish on the table, the clock being on the stroke of four, 'the labors of Hercules' ceased."

In his reminiscences, too, he vouches for the "fish story," having probably been an eyewitness of the scene, when a lad of eight or ten years. Knowing Washington's fondness for sea-food, Fraunces provided a shad very early in the season when they were exceedingly scarce and dear. Hardly, however, had the delicacy appeared upon the board when the President inquired its price.

"Three dollars," stammered Fraunces, at which Washington fairly thundered forth, "Take it away, take it away, sir; it shall never be said that my table sets such an example of luxury and extravagance."

It was rather a regret to all the Washingtons when the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia and went into residence in "a

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small, red brick house *next door* to a *hair-dresser*; but there was much gaiety in the City of Brotherly Love at the close of the eighteenth century and many distinguished people there did congregate. It was here Nelly Custis returned home from the school at Annapolis where she was "finished," and both here and at Mount Vernon she was often visited by her bosom friends, Elizabeth Bordley and Martha Coffin; and these three chums seem to have done all the fond, foolish things dear to the old fashioned school-girl. They wrote romantic letters to each other, composed verses, swore undying friendship, and finally, had portraits painted for each member of the trio.

Elizabeth Bordley, particularly, was very much given to writing poetry, and living, as she did, in Philadelphia, was frequently at the presidential home, and later, as Mrs. Gibson, loved to tell of Washington leaving his study of an evening to enjoy the society of the young people and dance with them a Virginia reel. It was Mrs. Gibson, too, who has left us this pretty pen-picture of Lady Washington and her adopted daughter:

"Mrs. Washington was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room unless detained by company, and there, no matter what

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the hour, Nellie attended her. One evening my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to accompany her to grandmama's room. There, after some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nellie entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer; Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow; Nellie then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then leaning down received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remarks on her duties, improvements, etc. The effect of these judicious habits and teachings appeared in the granddaughter's character through life."

So the eight years of the first administration were on the whole pleasant and satisfactory to old and young, though it was without regret that Washington resigned his high office. Nelly Custis was among those at the inauguration of John Adams, and it is said she was so agitated that "she could not trust herself to be near her honored grandfather." Nevertheless, shortly after their return to Mount Vernon, she wrote to a friend:

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"We arrived here on Wednesday without any accident, after a tedious journey of seven days. Grandpapa is very well and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington."

Neighbors rejoiced at having the family back, and a guest who once partook of the Mount Vernon hospitality, has given us this account of its lavishness:

"The table of dark mahogany, waxed and polished like a mirror, was square. In the center stood a branched epergne of silver wire and cut glass filled with a tasteful arrangement of apples, pears, plums, peaches and grapes. At one end, Mrs. Washington, looking as handsome as ever, assisted by a young lady, presided behind a handsome silver tea-service. There was an enormous silver hot-water urn nearly two feet high and a whole battalion of tiny flaring cups and saucers of blue India china. The silver, polished to its highest, reflected the blaze of many wax candles in branched candelabra and in sticks of silver. Fried oysters, waffles, fried chicken, cold turkey, canvasback ducks, venison, and that Southern institution, a baked ham, were among the good things provided for the company of gentlemen invited by the President to sup with him. Lady Washington dis-

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pensed the tea with so much grace that each gentleman was constrained to take it."

That a maiden so high-born and beautiful as Eleanor Custis should have a host of suitors goes without saying, and among these was young Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. That she said him "nay," however, seems almost certain and, soon after, the fair girl delighted her grandfather by wedding his favorite nephew, Lawrence Lewis.

This occurred on February 22nd, 1799, and the record in Washington's diary, on his last birthday, reads —

"The Rev^d Mr. Davis and Mr. George Calvert came to dinner and Miss Custis was married about candle-light to Mr. Law^r Lewis."

Meanwhile, young Washington Custis was receiving his education at Annapolis and Princeton, where he was chiefly noted for his faculty for spending money, but in after life became known as a man of fine taste and versatile talents. He was fond of music and art and painted some quite creditable battle scenes, while he also wrote plays and poems and contributed to newspapers. He married an extremely accomplished woman, Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and, after the death of Lady Wash-

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ington, built the mansion —“Arlington House” — on an estate left him by his father, on the west side of the Potomac. Here he gathered together family portraits and numerous relics of our first President and the Revolution, and is best remembered by his “Recollections and Private Memories,” which fondly recall the “Father of his Country,” and his own dear adopted parent.

CHAPTER II

FOUR LITTLE YANKEES

THE three sons and one daughter of John Adams must, by courtesy, be considered the first young people of the real White House at Washington, although they had passed the bounds of boyhood and girlhood when their father was chosen second President of the United States, succeeding the great man with whom he had served as Vice-President, and of whom he was always sadly jealous.

On the mother's side they traced their lineage back to the Smiths of Weymouth, veritable Puritans of Puritans, and Parson William Smith's family and congregation shook their heads in wondering disapproval when his daughter Abigail followed the dictates of her heart and wedded young John Adams, the son of a small farmer of the middle class, and what was far worse, a lawyer by profession — that calling being considered scarcely honest by strict church people in Colonial days.

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Much gossip there must have been, for the bride's father — who had a good bit of humor mixed up with his Calvinism — replied to it in a sermon, taking for his text:

"For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil."

This certainly was hard on worthy John Adams, who was a clever, earnest young fellow, and very far from having a devil; but he carried off his wife in triumph to his plain, little home at Braintree, a small town eleven miles from Boston.

It was just such a frame house as you may see hundreds of in New England, with a door in the middle, a window on each side, and three above, and a sharply sloping roof; and here, before many years, we hear of the minister coming over to hold another little Abigail, as well as a small grandson, John Quincy, upon his knee, and tell them, not nursery rhymes and fairy tales, but true stories of the early settlers and thrilling encounters with Indians and wild beasts.

"Abby favors her father," the neighbors were wont to say, when the eldest child was big enough to rock her baby brother to sleep in the quaint old wooden cradle hewed out of a great pine log and with an overhanging hood.

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But it was the mother who instructed her in the "three R's," as they were facetiously termed, trained her in all domestic tasks and taught her to work upon her sampler, even while she herself performed her domestic duties in the big, cheerful kitchen, festooned with strings of dried apples and hung with ears of corn and bunches of dried catnip, pennyroyal and boneset.

In those days letter-writing was considered a most important accomplishment and each week little Abigail and her young friends would indite wonderful epistles, more like essays than notes, and filled with religious sentiments. These effusions they carried to church on the Sabbath and exchanged with one another.

As for young John Quincy Adams, the "times that tried men's souls," as well as the severe Puritanic manner in which he was bred, made him the thoughtful, self-repressed boy his name always seems to suggest, and old far beyond his years, for he was but a wee lad of seven when, from a high eminence, he hearkened to the guns on Bunker Hill and watched the flaming ruin of Charlestown. His favorite amusement was to wander through the woods, noting the habits of animals, and the nature of plants; and we read of his setting himself "stints" of work and regretfully writing

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to his father that he often finds his "thoughts running after birds' eggs, play and trifles," and gravely asking his advice as to how he shall properly proportion his playtime and studies.

"What a little prig!" I think I hear some boy reader exclaim.

Well, perhaps he was, from our twentieth-century standpoint, but he was a little hero as well when the Revolution broke out and his father, who was in Congress, sent word to his wife: "Fly to the woods with the children," — there now being two more small boys, Thomas Boylston and Charles, in the Braintree household. Mrs. Adams refused to fly, but all the family was, as John Quincy himself says, "liable every hour of the day and of the night to be butchered in cold blood, or taken and carried into Boston as hostages by any foraging or marauding detachment." At nine years old, too, he was called upon not only to be the man of the house, but to serve as post-rider between the city and the farm, making daily trips with the letter bags slung across his saddlebows, although in constant danger of capture.

Do you not think his childish heart must sometimes have quailed? Not for a dozen lives, though, would he have put to the blush

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his patriotic mother, who kept up her spirits amid all trials, made light of it when the red-coats and buff-and-blues left them little to eat except whortleberries and milk; and instructed him to add to his nightly prayers Collins' ode, commencing —

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest! ”

In the course of time, however, brighter and more peaceful days dawned. The year 1778 found Mr. Adams appointed Commissioner to France, when he took with him his eldest son and from then on — broken only by a brief visit home — young John Quincy spent nearly seven years abroad. In the various cities of Europe he picked up a pretty good, if desultory, education, and must have made excellent use of his opportunities, as we find him, at fourteen, holding the position of private secretary to Francis Dana, our minister to Russia. He accompanied that gentleman to St. Petersburg, where familiarity with cultured society and constant converse with men of affairs transformed the home-bred little Puritan into a most remarkable youth of sixteen, as attractive in person as in mind, if we may judge from a pastel painted at that age. It is thus described:

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"The head is powdered, but a lock of the dark hair is indistinctly seen falling down the boy's back in a queue and tied with a black ribbon. The complexion is a fine blonde, charmingly accented by the dark eyes and irregular arched eyebrows, while a slight cast in the left eye, with a faint roguish smile that plays about the mouth, add a certain piquancy, making the face very pleasant to look at. The coat is of pale blue silk with a jabot of lace."

During this schoolboy period, he began recording his doings and impressions in a diary, a thin paper book stitched into a brown paper cover; and this he illustrated profusely with rude drawings of soldiers, forts, and men-of-war. This habit, too, he kept up nearly all his life.

For a short time his next younger brother joined him in Europe, but Thomas Boylston Adams never appears to have been as strong as John, and died in early manhood. He, also, was a very studious youth, no doubt encouraged to be so by his Spartan-like mother, who once wrote of this frail, second son:

"He who dies with studying, dies in a good cause, and may go to another world much better calculated to improve his talents than if he had died a blockhead."

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While the two elder boys were disporting themselves abroad, Abigail and little Charley were pursuing the quiet, uneventful tenor of their existence in that part of their Massachusetts town which had been rechristened "Quincy," in honor of Mrs. Adams' ancestors. But finally Mr. Adams, finding his sojourn in Europe was indefinitely prolonged, summoned his wife and daughter to join him, and setting sail in the ship *Active*, they crossed the Atlantic in a little less than a month.

Abby must have felt like "Alice in Wonderland," when transplanted from the prim life of a New England village to the brightness and gaiety and sparkle of gay Paris, just in the height of poor Marie Antoinette's happy-go-lucky reign! That it was fascinating goes without saying, and how the girl must have loved to wander in the beautiful garden, all rows of orange trees and octangular flower-beds, with stone statues peeping out from bosky haunts, which surrounded their great airy house at Auteuil, a short distance from the city.

Now, for the first time, Miss Abby had a maid to dress her hair, rode in a coach, and met princes and other distinguished people whom her parents entertained at dinner and receptions. Verily, it was a winter ever to be remembered!

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And then Mr. Adams received another commission — that of minister to Great Britain — and Abigail and her mother were whisked off to England, where the former was soon as happy as in France, for what young maiden would not be captivated by a London season, going from rout to rout, as they were termed, and a presentation at court! She was always, however, a loyal little Yankee, and on all occasions stood up for her native land, as the child of an American Consul ought to do.

Perhaps some girls will be interested to know what Miss Abby wore when she first appeared at the Court of St. James and made her much practised courtesy before King George, Queen Charlotte and the Princess Royal; and Mrs. Adams, who verily “wielded the pen of a ready writer,” was very explicit in informing a certain Betsey and Lucy that —

“The train was of white crape and trimmed with white ribbon. The petticoat, which is the most showy part of the dress, covered and drawn up on what are called festoons, with light wreaths of beautiful flowers; the sleeves white crape drawn over the silk, with a row of lace round the sleeve near the shoulder, another half-way down the arm, and a third upon the top of the ruffle, a little flower stuck between;

a kind of hat-cap, with three large feathers and a bunch of flowers; a wreath of flowers upon the hair. Thus equipped, we go in our own carriage, and Mr. Adams and Colonel Smith in his."

This young Colonel Smith was the secretary of the legation, and in the following year he wooed and won pretty Abigail, making for her a home in New York, although they spent much time in travel.

John Quincy did not accompany his family to England, but returned to America and entered the junior class at Harvard, from which college he was graduated and commenced the practice of the law. But this bright young man was never destined for a private life and none ever held more public offices, starting with minister to the Netherlands — an honor to which he was appointed on his twenty-seventh birthday — step by step upward until he not only went to the White House as the son of the President, but as the President himself.

Gentle Charles, the youngest of the quartette, appears to have been his mother's own boy, as a child at Braintree, singing Scotch songs to cheer her loneliness during the enforced separation from her husband, and, in early manhood, being her proud escort to the social affairs at which

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she appeared as the wife of the Vice-President.

He married young and also died young, leaving two orphan daughters — Susanna and Abigail — the elder of whom was, probably, the first bona-fide “girl of the White House,” being taken there by her grandparents when only a midget of four in a black frock, for it was in the last year of John Adams’ administration that the seat of government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington, and the presidential family took possession of the then bare and only half-finished executive mansion.

A veritable madcap was little Susanna, with plenty of spirit, and her cousins often made merry over her half-comic, half-tragic fracas with a certain little Ann Black.

It seems that the child’s uncle, Thomas Boylston Adams, had presented her with a doll’s tea-set of which she was vastly proud, and Ann was invited to drink “cambric-tea” poured from the tiny tea-pot into fairy-like cups, and eat cake off of the dainty plates.

It was a happy little “Five O’clock Tea,” and all went well until Susanna, being called from the room, returned to find her guest fled and her precious china in atoms on the floor. Little Miss Black’s feelings of envy had sud-

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denly overcome her, and she had given vent to them with a vengeance.

Naturally, after this, the relations between the friends were decidedly strained for some time. Indeed, they remained so until Ann, becoming the possessor of a small doll that could actually open and shut its eyes, was unable to resist asking her former chum to spend the afternoon and admire her treasure. Susanna went and played quite amicably for awhile, but all at once on the young hostess turning her back — presto! into her rosy mouth popped poor Dolly's head and her sharp, white teeth met through its waxen neck. Then, with a satisfied “There!” she tossed the mutilated doll to its agonized owner and walked off, feeling that “revenge was certainly sweet.”

Even when an old lady, Susanna would relate this incident with the greatest gusto, always concluding with, “And I never was sorry that I bit that doll's head off.”

For companions at the White House she often had Mrs. Smith's little ones, especially the eldest, who might well be termed “John the third.”

Master John Smith was left a great deal in the charge of his grandmother, but often distressed that worthy lady by his aptness in pick-

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ing up any new word or song he chanced to hear, and by preferring "Jack and Jill," and "Little Bo-peep" to Doctor Watts' "Moral Songs for Children."

This real boy seems to have been a great favorite with President Washington, who, at a dinner-party, once ruthlessly picked the sugar-plums out of a cake to send to the lively youngster. His grandfather, too, he ruled with a rod of iron, or rather a willow wand with which he used to drive him about the house, insisting on his being his "horse," and drawing him up and down in a chair, the dignified statesman condescending to this imperious little grandson as he never did to children of his own.

CHAPTER III

A BAND OF YOUNG VIRGINIANS

L IKE unto Washington, Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, wooed and wedded a young and beautiful widow, and one who, also, bore the name of Martha.

They met at her father's fine place, "The Forest," a few miles from Williamsburg, and as Martha Wayles Skelton was a skilled performer on the spinet, while Thomas played the violin, their courting was early set to music, which, waxing louder and sweeter, culminated in the divine harmony of an almost perfect married life.

For ten years she was not only the statesman's wife, but his comrade and helpmeet as well, making for him an ideal home on lovely Monticello Mountain, and there they hoped to enjoy together a well-earned rest when all war and political strife were at an end.

But this was not to be.

Suddenly the wife and mother was summoned to a higher sphere, while the framer of the Declaration of Independence only roused from the swoon into which he had fallen as she breathed her last, to gaze, with sorrow and desolation in his heart, at the three motherless girls left in his sole charge.

Martha, who had just completed her first decade; little Mary, with auburn hair like his own, and Lucy, an infant only a few days old.

Half crazed, he shut himself away from his sympathizing friends, all alone, except for one small comforter, who would not be denied — the eldest of the little maids, whom he fondly called “Patsy,” and who, in after-years wrote of this sad period:

“The violence of his emotion when, almost by stealth, I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room for three weeks, and I was never a moment from his side.”

It was this loving little woman who, at last, lured him back from death or insanity, until one day he tottered out onto the veranda of Monticello and drank in the lovely view of blue hills, waving green woods, and winding river. Then, realizing that even in grief there

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may be selfishness, he responded, for the first time, to the childish caresses and said:

"Yes; we will live, daughter — live in memory of her!"

No wonder, then, that when two months later, Mr. Jefferson was appointed Plenipotentiary to Europe, there to be associated with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, in negotiating peace, he felt that he could not be separated from his beloved little comforter, who bore her mother's name, and decided to take her with him, while Mary or Polly, and baby Lucy were left in the tender care of their aunt, Mrs. Eppes, who had a large and interesting family of her own.

But, after all, on reaching Philadelphia, the statesman found so much to occupy him in Congress that their departure was delayed for more than a year, and there was nothing to do but place Martha in a boarding-school, where, under the kindly tuition of excellent Mrs. Hopkinson, she made satisfactory progress in her studies, but where her mind became greatly exercised over sundry superstitious fears that were agitating the world at large at that time.

Writing these fears to her father, he thus wisely replied:

"I hope you will have good sense enough to disregard those foolish predictions that the

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world is to be at an end soon. The Almighty has never made known to anybody at what time He created it, nor will He tell anybody when He will put an end to it, if He ever means to do so." He also gave her much good advice as to neatness in dress.

At length, in 1784, the long-deferred voyage to France was taken and, just about the same time as Abigail Adams, Patsy, was landed in the gay French metropolis; although being younger than the New England girl, she was not plunged into society but into the *Abbage Royal de Panthemont*, such an aristocratic convent school that no pupil was admitted without the recommendation of a lady of rank. Martha Jefferson owed her introduction to a friend of the Marquis de la Fayette, who became interested in *la petite Americaine*; but a very sad homesick child was she at first, unable to understand the language, petting the tame squirrel given her as a consoler, and, when her father came, welcoming him with tears of joy, and then crying because he had to leave again.

But this was not for long. She soon learned to chatter French with the best and, in a most cheerful vein, described her life at Panthemont to a friend in America.

"I was placed in a convent at my arrival,

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and I leave you to judge of my situation. I did not speak a word of French, and no one here knew English but a little girl ten years old that could hardly speak French. There are about fifty or sixty *pensioners* in the house, so that speaking as much as I could with them, I learnt the language very soon. At present I am charmed with my situation. The *classe* is four rooms, exceedingly large, for the *pensioners* to sleep in, and there is a fifth and sixth — one for them to stay in the day and the other in which to take their lessons in.

“We wear the uniform, which is crimson, made like a frock, laced behind, with the tail, like a *robe de cour*, hooked on; muslin cuffs and tuckers. The masters are all very good, except that for the drawing.”

Here, then, Patsy passed several happy years, forming life-long friendships with an English “Julia” and “Betty,” and the French Mademoiselle de Botedoux and Mademoiselle de Chateaubrun, who called her “Jeff,” and “Jef-fie.” The story is told, too, that when she had been there about a twelvemonth, the high-born dame who had spoken for her the “good word,” came to the Abbaye, somewhat curious to see how the shy little American had developed. At the hour of her arrival the pupils

were all at play in the garden and she sat down by a window to watch them. Among them she particularly noted a tall, aristocratic-looking, though hardly pretty girl, and turning to the nun beside her asked — “Who is that?” The sister looked at the lady in surprise. “Why, Madame,” she replied, “that is your protégée, Mademoiselle Jefferson.”

At this the lady smiled with satisfaction. “Ah, indeed!” she exclaimed, “she has a very distinguished air.”

Thus we see that her life at the convent had given her just the confidence and self-reliance she needed.

Meanwhile, far away in the Blue Ridge home, little Lucy, the precocious baby of two and a half, who early developed such an ear for music that she would listen spellbound when anyone played and cry if a false note was struck, was seized with whooping cough and died at the same time as a tiny namesake cousin.

A whole generation afterward a long golden curl, clipped from this child’s sunny head, was found among Mr. Jefferson’s private treasures, and it was probably this bereavement that awoke in his heart the desire to have his now youngest daughter near him, for he wrote to Mrs. Eppes that “Dear little Polly hung upon

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his mind night and day," and directed that she be sent to join him and her sister.

Now, this was not at all pleasing to Miss Mary, who was devotedly attached to her Virginia home and relatives, especially one boy cousin, and exceedingly pleading letters were sent across seas begging "Papa" to let her stay with "Aunt Eppes and Cousin Jacky."

But Mr. Jefferson was obdurate and finally "the little lady," as he called her, was gotten off by strategy.

She and her cousins were taken, ostensibly, to visit a ship lying at anchor and allowed to romp until Polly, worn out, dropped down and fell asleep. When she awoke, all familiar faces had disappeared except that of her black attendant; the vessel was out at sea and she *en route* for England, her young heart nearly broken by such treatment on the part of those she loved best.

But children's tears are soon dried and she was most kindly received by Mrs. John Adams and Miss Abby, who kept her at their home in London until they could find for her a proper escort to Paris.

In her famous letters, too, the former thus describes her young guest: "I have had with me a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson's, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant,

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from Virginia. . . . A finer child of her age I never saw. She is not eight years old. She would sit sometimes and describe to me the parting with her aunt, and the love she had for her little cousins till the tears would stream down her cheeks, and how I had been her friend and she loved me. She clung round me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite with every one in the house."

The little French folk, too, took to her at once, calling her "Mademoiselle Po-lie" and "Marie," while her father and sister did all in their power to make her happy and feel at home with them, although when they first saw each other, Mr. Jefferson declared "she neither knew us nor should we have known her had we met with her unexpectedly."

She was not so studious as Martha, nor was her sojourn at the convent a long one, for impressionable Patsy, who was supposed to be a staunch little Episcopalian, suddenly astounded her father by informing him that she wished to take the veil and become a nun, having been largely influenced to this by the Abbé Edgeworth de Fermont, the priest who some years after was to accompany the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth, as his confessor, to the guillotine.

Two days later Mr. Jefferson drove to Panthemont. Patsy met him trembling, but he only greeted her with more than wonted cordiality. He, however, requested an interview with the Abbess, and at its close, informed his daughters that he had come to take them both away, which was done immediately. Thus Martha's school career came to an abrupt conclusion and she was at once introduced to Parisian society, without her fancy for the cloister even being mentioned.

Years after, she spoke with gratitude of her parent's judicious course on this occasion, for her desire was not a deep religious conviction, but one of those transient emotions to which romantic girls are ever subject.

For some months she shone as the brightest ornament of the minister's salon, and had lots of good times, being allowed to go to three balls a week, but never to a fourth, no matter how "tempting" that fourth might be. She met dozens of interesting people, was complimented on her dancing by the Duke de Fronsac — afterward the Duke de Richelieu — always had a pleasant, merry word from La Fayette, and listened with enthusiastic admiration to Madame de Staël's wonderful conversation, while for one evening, at least, she with other ladies

sported the French tricolor upon her ball gown, at a country dance, the cockade having been pinned there by a French officer.

Of course Patsy had her admirers among these foreigners and several efforts were made to keep her on that side of the Atlantic, but, like all Southern girls, she had a "cousin" tucked away in the warmest corner of her heart, and when she and her father were surprised one evening by a call from "Second-Cousin" Thomas Randolph, fresh from the University at Edinburgh, all Frenchmen paled beside the tall, athletic young American.

But the murmurings of the Revolution were now waxing louder and fiercer, and in the autumn of 1789 Mr. Jefferson thought it best to take his family back to the United States. After several narrow escapes from fire and from water, Monticello was reached in safety and the slaves welcomed them with extravagant joy, unharnessing the horses and dragging the carriage themselves to their own door.

"God bress you!"

"Jest look at de chilluns!"

"Ain't our Miss Patsy tall?"

"See our dear little Polly, bress her heart!"

These were some of the exclamations heard as the distinguished-looking girl of seventeen

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and the beautiful child of eleven passed through the lines of kindly, dusky faces, making them feel that, after all, there was no place like "Ole Virginny."

Then the very February after their homecoming there was a wedding on the Blue Ridge plantation and Thomas Mann Randolph, with Martha as his bride, settled down on "Little Mountain," nigh to the dear old home. Polly, or Maria as she came to be called, lived with them until her father carried her off to be his housekeeper in Philadelphia, while the statesman was never so busy he could not find time to write his "dear girls," delightful letters full of birds and flowers and questions to the younger as to whether she "sees the sun rise every day? how many pages she reads in *Don Quixote*? whether she can make a pudding or cut a beef-steak? and if she can set a hen?"

But at fourteen, we find "Mademoiselle Polie" leading an ideal existence "under the trees," in the quaint Quaker town, for Mr. Jefferson assured an acquaintance that they never went "into the house but at the hour of bed." They breakfasted, dined, wrote, read and held receptions on the grass under the plane trees, while Nellie Custis was one of her bosom friends and doubtless that favorite "Cousin Jacky"

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often dropped in for a bit of love-making in the pleasant, secluded garden, for a few years later pretty Polly wedded her first love and it was as Mrs. John Eppes that she assisted President Jefferson, when, in 1801, he was sent to the barren, draughty White House at Washington.

At this time Maria is described as being "supremely beautiful," her glorious crown of auburn hair ever lingering in the memories of those who saw her, while her character was as lovely as her face. Once, while she was lying ill, Mr. Jefferson wrote her—"You have never by word or deed given me a moment's uneasiness. On the contrary, I have felt a perpetual gratitude to Heaven for having given me in you a source of so much pure and unmixed happiness. Go on, then, my dear, as you have done, deserving the love of everybody."

But alas! she was very frail, and during her father's administration, sweet Polly Jefferson Eppes faded away, leaving one tiny son named Francis.

That the President long and deeply mourned this fair, young daughter, cut off in the heyday of her womanhood, no one can doubt, but he was greatly consoled by the bevy of grandchildren growing up around him and brightening

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by their presence both homes — at Washington and Monticello.

Cornelia, Virginia and Mary Randolph were veritable girls of the White House, romping and playing in its wide corridors and often running exciting races with "Grandpa" as umpire, ready to reward the victor with three figs or three dates.

There was fair-haired Anne the eldest, of whom in her babyhood Mr. Jefferson declared "even Socrates might ride on a stick with her without being ridiculous"; there was Thomas Jefferson, the "heavy-seeming" small boy who was the very apple of the good gentleman's eye, and later the "staff of his old age," and there was Ellen, the brightest of little scholars, who became a most intelligent and delightful woman, and married Mr. Coolidge, of Boston.

To the second boy, James Madison, fell the honor of being the first baby born in the White House, and he soon had as companions Benjamin, the practical and energetic, and handsome, winning Lewis, who was afterward a most brilliant lawyer. One girl did not live to grow up, and naughty, merry little Septima was so-called because she was the seventh daughter, while the dozen was rounded off by George, the

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gallant sailor laddie, whose affection for his mother was the "passion" of his life.

In all the young Randolphs, Mr. Jefferson tried to encourage a love of gardening by giving them flower bulbs and plants upon which he had bestowed comic and historic names. In the spring, then, it was no uncommon sound to hear a shout of "Oh, Grandpa! come and see! Marcus Aurelius has his head out of the ground!" or "The Queen of the Amazons is popping up." He also inculcated the truest courtesy to high and low, and once gravely reproved his favorite grandson, when that young man failed to return the respectful salutation of a negro, by asking: "Thomas, do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself?"

His granddaughters simply adored him, one declaring, "I cannot describe the feelings of veneration, admiration and love that existed in my heart toward him." While another (Ellen) says:

"My Bible came from him, my Shakespeare, my first writing-table, my handsome writing-desk, my first Leghorn hat, my first silk dress. What, in short, of all my treasures did *not* come from him? My sisters were equally provided

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for. Our grandfather used to read our hearts, to see our individual wishes, to be our good genius, to wave the fairy wand, to brighten our young lives by his goodness and his gifts."

Mrs. Martha Randolph had her hands full with her large family and her convivial, spend-thrift husband, although he was an able politician and, at one time, Governor of Virginia. She could not, therefore, share the "Jeffersonian simplicity" and the French dinners at the White House as often as she wished, and her place was frequently filled there by Mrs. Madison and her young sister, Miss Payne, of whom we shall know more hereafter.

On two occasions, however, she made long visits there, and the second time, her eldest daughter, Anne, was thought old enough to be introduced to society. For the first time, then, the young lady went to a large ball *en grande toilette*, well escorted and chaperoned.

A funny little incident, too, marked the evening.

Mrs. Randolph, who was extremely near-sighted and who had never seen her daughter, except in simple, girlish costumes, was filled with admiration when a tall, blonde maiden entered the room.

"Who is that beautiful young woman?" she

A BAND OF YOUNG VIRGINIANS

inquired of Mrs. Cutts, who was seated beside her.

The young matron answered with a laugh. "Heavens! woman!" she exclaimed, "don't you know your own child?"

There were many others, also, who admired the fair debutante and she married quite young a Mr. Blankhead, who, however, did not make her the best of husbands.

Mistress Patsy had her trials, but she was an ideal wife and mother, and Bacon — the overseer at Monticello — says of her: "She was the best woman I ever knew. Few such women ever lived. I never saw her equal." So the ex-President, his sole surviving child and his beloved grandchildren were very happy together on the little mountain, after his retirement from office.

It is sad, then, to remember that reverses came to such a united family, so that Jefferson's valuable and highly-prized library had to be sacrificed, even before that Fourth of July, 1826 — just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration, which set us free — when its author passed away at almost exactly the same hour as his life-long friend and co-laborer on the famous document, John Adams.

Monticello, being too expensive to keep up,

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was soon after exchanged for a modest brick house in Charlottesville, and Mrs. Randolph and her two unmarried daughters were only saved from supporting themselves by teaching, through the generosity of Louisiana and North Carolina, each of which bestowed upon them ten thousand dollars.

As for that model grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, he bravely assumed all the debts left by his grandfather, which the sale of the plantation would not cover, although it handicapped him for life, while his home, Edgehill was always open to his mother, sisters and brothers.

It was in visiting among her children then, that Patsy's last days were passed, while to them she wrote: "My life is a mere shadow as regards myself. In you alone I live and am attached to it. The useless pleasures which still strew my path with flowers — my love for plants and books — would be utterly heartless and dull, but from the happiness I derive from my affections; these make life still dear to me."

CHAPTER IV

THE "PRINCE OF AMERICA" AND THE PAYNE GIRLS

ONE May morning, nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, in an old North Carolina homestead, a little Quaker baby first opened her blue eyes upon a world in which she was destined to become a very attractive figure; and to pass down into history as one of the most popular of all the ladies of the White House.

Winsome Dorothy Payne was born at the residence of an aunt, but the greater part of her childhood was passed at Scotchtown, her father's plantation in Virginia, where she was trained in the rigid simplicity of the Society of Friends, to which her parents belonged.

But, although plainness of both dress and speech was strongly advocated in the household, Mrs. Payne was curiously anxious to preserve her little daughter's lovely complexion and the pretty damsel was obliged to set off each day

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for the old Hanover County field-school, with a white linen mask covering her face, a sun-bonnet *sewed* upon her head and long gloves protecting her hands and arms — a costume which must have been a veritable martyrdom to an active child.

She would, doubtless, have far rather appeared in the pieces of old-fashioned jewelry, secretly bestowed upon her by a fond grandmother, but which she only dared to wear, hidden in a tiny bag, and hung around her neck, beneath the demure kerchief, since her father and mother condemned all such things as "worldly baubles," declaring that a girl's sole ornament should be that of "a meek and quiet spirit."

When, then, after a ramble in the woods, one fine summer day, chain, bag and finery were all found to be missing, she felt it to be a just retribution for her sins of vanity and secretiveness, and almost wept her eyes out on the faithful black breast of "Mother Amy," her dear, old Southern "Mammy," the only one to whom she ventured to confess her wickedness and the loss of her treasures.

A most devoted servant was this same black Amy, and when John Payne — being convinced of the evil of slavery — freed his negroes and

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moved to Philadelphia, she, with a few others, begged piteously to remain with "Ole Massa and the chillens." This was finally permitted, only on condition that she accept remuneration for her services, and, as she frugally laid away most of her wages, at her death she bequeathed five hundred dollars to her beloved mistress.

It was a vast change from the isolated Virginia homestead, to life in a big city, but the Payne girls—of whom there were several—thoroughly enjoyed the tea-drinkings, sleigh rides and other simple amusements that were considered seemly for young Quaker folk. One, however, I am sure, often longed for the pomps and vanities of the "world's people," for, at nineteen, Dolly was as beautiful a girl as could be found in all Pennsylvania, while the gray garb only served to set off her dazzling pink and white complexion, her eyes "as blue as the fairy flax," and her wealth of glossy black tresses. Her pleasant, laughing expression, too, was but the outward and visible sign of a remarkably amiable disposition, combined with a touch of the witty Irish humor, for which her second cousin, Patrick Henry, was so famous.

No wonder that the young lawyer, John Todd, fell a victim to her charms and, although

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she at first said him “nay,” declaring she never meant to marry, continued his addresses until at last — perhaps urged by her father — she consented, and there was a notable, if quiet, ceremony in the Friends’ Meeting-House, when, like Bayard Taylor’s “Quaker bride,”

“ Her wedding gown was ashen silk,
 Too simple for her taste;
She wanted lace about the neck,
 And a ribbon at her waist.”

But alas! short, though sweet, was their married bliss, for ere long that terrible scourge, yellow fever, snatched away the youthful husband, as well as their younger child, a baby of a few weeks; and pretty Dolly came back from the very jaws of Death, to find herself a widow at twenty-two, with a large fortune and one dark-eyed boy to care for and to love.

About this time, there chanced to be in Philadelphia town, an extremely courtly, distinguished gentleman, who was looked upon as “a confirmed old bachelor.” So, too, he might have remained had he not, one day, caught a glimpse of the young Quakeress on the street. He was attracted at once and hastening to Mr. Aaron Burr — who had lodgings at the home of Mrs. Payne, Dorothy’s mother — begged

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that he would take him to call on the "charming Widow Todd."

Mr. Burr willingly consented and the statesman was immediately captivated by the demure little figure, in mulberry-hued satin, tulle kerchief and dainty cap, who received them; the result being that, shortly after, Mrs. Washington summoned the young woman to the Presidential mansion and bluntly asked her:

"Dolly, is it true that you are engaged to James Madison?"

Blushing and stammering, Dolly said she thought not.

"For if it is so," urged the august dame, "do not be ashamed to confess it. Rather be proud. He will make you a good husband, and all the better for being so much older."

That the seventeen years' difference in their age was not an insuperable objection, goes without saying, since in the following September a merry party set forth on a two-hundred mile journey, in carriages and on horseback, the "great, little Madison," as he was called, gallantly riding beside an open barouche containing the blooming Quakeress, a blonde girl of twelve, and a little boy of three prattling and capering in his nurse's arms.

Their destination was the Southern planta-

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tion of Mr. Steptoe Washington — Dorothy's brother-in-law — and there a jolly country wedding was celebrated, this time according to the rites of the Church of England, which gave small Payne Todd a truly kind and considerate stepfather, who ever treated him like an own son.

Such a merrymaking as that was! the gay girls cutting bits of Mechlin lace from Mr. Madison's shirt-ruffles, as mementos; and sending the bride and groom off in a perfect blizzard of rice, *en route* for Montpellier (the Madisons always spelled it with two l's), the latter's fine estate in the Blue Ridge country, where, "within a squirrel's jump of Heaven," they chiefly made their home, except when called away by affairs of state.

Such a dear, happy home as it was, too, not only for little Payne, but also for Dolly's young sister, Anna, who lived with her, and whom she looked upon as an adopted child.

Gay as larks, then, were the two children, romping over a glorious playground of three thousand acres, where roses, jasmine and other blooming things fairly ran riot; where grapes seemed bursting with luscious richness, and peach and plum trees bowed beneath their weight of fruit; while, on rainy days, the grand

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hall and great porticoes of the house were just the places in which to play at dolls, or marbles, or tag, or hop-scotch; the blithe little mother often coming to join in a frolic, or bid them to lessons that were a mere pretense.

On occasions, too, they paid ceremonial visits to another inmate of the mansion—"Grandma Madison," as Payne called her—a very old and stately lady, verging on a hundred, whose apartments in the "old wing," were filled with ancient and beautiful things, and whose terraced garden was the pride and delight of Beasey, the clever French gardener.

This "Madam Placid" made a great pet of the handsome little lad, and would tell him long stories of his stepfather's youthful pranks at Princeton, and try to interest him in historic events that she could recall, and in his Cousin Patrick Henry's illustrious speech, when he cried, "Give me liberty or give me death"!

But Payne did not care for serious talk, and, when it commenced, would soon wander off to the negro quarters to listen to their songs and curious folk-lore tales. Nevertheless, he later became a remarkable French scholar, speaking that language almost better than his native tongue when placed at a Roman Catholic school in Baltimore.

A most unworthy son of good old Quaker stock was Dolly Madison's only child, always showing himself weak and wilful, and, though he had an attractive face and much of his mother's charm of manner, both were early destroyed by dissipation, while he soon became a sad spendthrift and wasted his fortune in "riotous living."

Anna Payne divided her time between Philadelphia and Montpellier, and at fourteen appeared quite like a young lady, with her hair combed over her ears and done up in a knot on top of her head, while she dressed in the extreme fashion of the day, about which there was not a suspicion of Quakerism.

She was a sprightly correspondent, a sympathetic talker and extremely fond of society and dancing; so she had a host of friends.

Her portrait was painted by the celebrated artist, Gilbert Stuart, and is still in the possession of her descendants. One day, during a sitting for this picture, she remarked that it was a pity he (the painter) never portrayed himself for the benefit of others; on which he replied that he would do so on the canvas of her portrait, and proceeded to make the drapery into a grotesque likeness of his profile, with a

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most exaggerated nose; and there it remains to the present time.

As mentioned before, when Mrs. Madison entered the White House as its mistress, it was by no means as a novice, for both she and Miss Anna were a great deal there during the Jefferson administration, being warm friends of Mrs. Randolph and her family. Mr. Madison was then Secretary of State, and the President frequently sent for the ladies of his household to assist him at dinners and receptions, as well as in executing commissions for the daughter and granddaughters at Monticello.

But in 1804 the young matron writes:

“One of the greatest griefs of my life has come to me in the parting for the first time from my sister-child.”

For it was in that year that fair Anna wedded Richard Cutts, a member of Congress from Maine, and it was as a wife and mother that she thereafter visited Washington, often bringing her little ones to see their aunt when she became “the first lady in the land.”

The spring wedding was a very smart affair, and presents poured in upon the bride, conspicuous among them being two wine-coolers from Madam Dashcoff, the wife of the Russian

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minister — one being filled with salt, “the essence of life,” and the other with bread, “the staff of life,” this being the national marriage-gift of the donor’s country.

The simple muslin cap was the only trace of the sober Friends’ garb, now retained by gay, lively Dorothea Madison, and this she also discarded, as unfitting, when her husband was inaugurated in 1809, replacing it with a turban, a headdress that she continued to wear the rest of her life.

Never, too, had a President a better help-meet, even his bitterest enemies (and he had many) succumbing on the spot did the gracious woman but offer them her snuffbox, with her sunny, winning smile.

During their régime, the White House was noted for its whole-souled hospitality and the humblest guest was at once set at ease with the most graceful courtesy. For instance, at one of the levees there appeared a rustic youth, who was evidently suffering all the torments of embarrassment. He stood around, overcome with confusion, but at last ventured to help himself to a cup of coffee. Just then Mrs. Madison walked up and addressed him. In his surprise, the young man dropped the saucer and strove to crowd the cup into his pocket. But

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his tactful hostess took no notice of the accident, except to observe that in such a crowd no one could avoid being jostled, and straightway turned the conversation to the lad's family, and ended by sending her regards to his excellent mother and bidding the servant bring another cup of coffee.

The slaves, too, fairly adored her and at Montpellier there was always a flock of small darkies at her heels, eager for a word of notice and the "sweetie" which never failed them.

Strange, then, that the sorest trouble of her life should have been her son Payne, handsome and high-bred though he was. It was the fond desire of Mr. and Mrs. Madison that he should complete his education at Princeton; but when the youth came to the White House from his Baltimore university, he showed himself so unwilling that the project was given up. The President, then — fearing to expose the boy to the temptations surrounding one of his station at the capital — despatched him with an embassy to Europe. To this young Todd was also somewhat loth, but his reluctance was changed to proud delight when he found he was looked upon abroad as the "Prince of America," and we hear of his dancing with Russian princesses within the sacred space reserved for royalty,

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while such men as Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams looked on from the more plebeian gallery.

Possessing a fortune in his own right, he made the most of his position, tasting all the pleasures the Old World could offer, the elegant Count D'Orsay being one of his boon companions; but he sadly neglected writing to his devoted mother and she had to depend upon others for news of her son.

Meanwhile, the war of 1812 was raging in the United States. The British pushed their way to Washington and burned the Capitol and White House, and Dolly Madison was forced to flee, but not until she had seen General Washington's portrait cut from its frame and conveyed to a place of safety. So suddenly did all this happen that the viands and wines for a dinner-party to be given at the Executive Mansion that same afternoon were discovered by the English officers and actually demolished; while the journals opposed to Madison made very merry over his wife's hasty departure, putting in her mouth this parody of John Gilpin, which she is supposed to address to her husband:

“ Sister Cutts and Cutts and I
And Cutts’ children three

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Will fill the coach,— and you must ride
On horseback after we."

The White House being in ruins, the remainder of the Madison administration was spent in a very elegant and commodious residence belonging to Colonel Tayloe, and known as "The Octagon." It is still standing and is endeared to the popular heart by the rumor of being "haunted." But in the "Peace Winter" of 1815, it was haunted only by the throng of fair women and distinguished men who flocked around the fourth President and his winsome lady, while, amid these fluctuating times, Mistress Dorothy's young nieces, Mary and Dolly Cutts, were the comfort of her heart, rather than the absent son, whose extravagance made ruinous inroads upon her inheritance, as well as his own.

James Madison was, also, extremely fond of these small maids, and a caller was, one day, highly amused at finding the great man wearing a bead ring, which one of the wee girlies had strung and shipped upon his finger.

They were always welcome guests, both at Washington and Montpellier, as well as their brothers, Madison and Richard, the host looking upon all four as grandchildren, and young

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people were invited from far and near to meet them.

But, delightful as the little Cutts found the Virginia estate, it was not so with Payne, who, even after his return to America, seemed to prefer any other spot, until Mrs. Madison wrote him, reproachfully:

“I am ashamed to tell, when asked, how long my only child has been absent from the home of his mother.”

She urged him to marry, and he did once fall honestly in love with a Miss Ann Cole, a Williamsburg belle, who was, however, hard-hearted or far-sighted enough to decline his suit. Lucky was it, too, for her, as, though popular in society, he was a most worthless, dissipated young man, indolent, and ever calling upon his stepfather for more funds, until even Montpelier and the negroes were sacrificed to pay his debts. Part of the money, however, was sunk in an eccentric structure, which he built and named “Toddsbirth,” and in a futile attempt to start a silk farm.

Developing into a gourmand, he grew exceedingly stout, losing all his good looks and elegance, and finally died of typhoid fever, two years after his disappointed mother passed

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away, with the words, "My poor boy!" upon her lips.

A relative writes of this degenerate son of the White House:

"As for my cousin, Payne Todd, my childish memories of him do not bear repeating. His manners were perfectly Grandisonian, but I was a little afraid of him. Do not ask me why."

So sweet Mistress Dolly's closing days would have been desolate, indeed, but for another Anna Payne, the child of a brother in Kentucky, whom she adopted late in life. This young girl was her constant companion after the death of Mr. Madison, in 1836, and a veritable sunbeam in the home which she made at Washington, on Lafayette Square, within a stone's throw of the White House.

A prankish little creature was Anna the Second, and up to all sorts of mischief. Thus, one first of April, she invited the one who was then President to dine, without mentioning the fact to her aunt; and when that worthy lady was horrified by the unexpected arrival of so illustrious a guest, flew in and laughingly informed them both it was only an "April fool."

But she sobered down with years and the constant struggle to keep up appearances on an ex-

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tremely limited income; was confirmed in old St. John's, at the same time as Mary Cutts and Mrs. Madison — who had long been an Episcopalian at heart — and became the gentlest of nurses to her adopted mother.

Truly, too, did she prove the hospitable lady's "right hand" on such holidays as the Fourth of July and New Year's Day, when Mistress Dolly's doors were always open, and few who came to pay their respects to the Head of the Nation in the White House, failed to step across the square and offer greetings to the popular "dowager." Her levees were ever thronged, and a New York merchant, who visited her in March, 1842, made this record in his journal:

"She is a *young* lady of four-score years and upward. Goes to parties and receives company like the Queen of this new world."

The drawing up of her will was, almost, the closing act in the career of this remarkable woman, who, as it were, "entered Washington society on the arm of Jefferson and left it on the arm of Polk," her public life, meanwhile, having spanned nearly half a century and covered the administrations of nine Presidents. She divided her small property equally between her "dear son, John Payne Todd," and her "adopted daughter, Annie Payne"; and the last

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dastardly, though futile deed of the former, was an attempt to break this will and deprive the devoted niece of her little inheritance.

One who intimately knew this bright maiden, afterward the wife of Dr. Causten, has said of her,—

"Anna Payne was not handsome, her features being irregular; but her devotion to Mrs. Madison entitles her to the best rewards of Heaven. She was one of the few purely unselfish persons whom one *may* met in a lifetime."

Could higher praise be bestowed upon the youngest and last of the pleasant Payne girls!

CHAPTER V

THE ARISTOCRATIC MONROES

JUST as the eighteenth century was drawing to a close, there was established at St. Germains, not many leagues from Paris, one of the most remarkable schools that France has probably ever known.

Its founder and head was Madame Campan, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, who had lived at court from early girlhood, been the confidante of monarchs, and would willingly have gone to the prison and the scaffold with her royal mistress, the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

But this last was not to be her fate, and, the Reign of Terror leaving her penniless, she was forced to turn her talents to account and take up teaching — for which she had always had a *penchant* — in the seminary, where children born to the purple and those of humble parentage met on an equal footing, and were con-

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ducted, side by side, up the steep, rugged hill of learning.

Among the pupils at this celebrated *pension* there was, at one time, a young American girl, a pretty, gipsy-like little maid, with soft, dark eyes, black, glossy hair, and the roses of her native Virginia blooming in her cheeks.

This was Eliza Monroe, the seven-year-old daughter of James Monroe, then Minister to France, and his beautiful wife, who, as Miss Kortwright, had been a Tory belle of old New York, and who was known abroad as *la belle Americaine*.

Small Eliza made many friends during her rather lengthy sojourn among the vivacious French girls,—two of them being Madame Campan's nieces, the Mesdemoiselles Anguié, whose mother had committed suicide in order to escape the guillotine. Not far away, too, at a boys' school, was her cousin Joseph and a young friend named Rutledge, both of whom had been placed under the envoy's paternal care, and in whom he took a deep interest.

But dearest of all to her was a lassie some years older than herself — interesting Hortense, the daughter of Josephine de Beauharnais, who was pursuing her education at St. Germain,

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together with the youthful brothers and sisters of Napoleon, and who was destined, one day, to become the Queen of Holland.

Indeed, this famous seminary was full of unfeudged sovereigns, so that, in later life, Madame Campan laughingly declared to an old pupil:

“I was the instructress of a nest of kings and queens without ever dreaming of such a thing, and the best thing you can do is to forget your titles when with me, for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod.”

Not that the rod was often called into requisition other than figuratively, for a small book, in which was recorded a tally of “good points” and “bad points,” and a system of good and bad tickets, was generally sufficient to keep the most unruly in order.

One good point effaced two bad ones, but did any pupil receive twelve black tickets her punishment was to dine alone at what was termed the “Wooden Table,” because it had no cloth, with her offense inscribed in large letters on a framed pasteboard before her,—a meal which usually proved a fast, passed in floods of tears, so terribly did the girls dread this disgrace.

But the wise instructress knew the value of

prizes, as well as of discipline, and these were bestowed with a lavish hand wherever merited.

The most coveted was that given for superior character, although it was only a simple artificial rose to be worn on Sundays and holidays. This was awarded by vote in each class every three months, and the proud rose-pupils were the following day treated to a particularly nice breakfast by their kind teacher, while it was their privilege to walk first in all processions and to strew flowers at the festivals held in the private chapel.

Was any scholar, too, so lucky, or so amiable, as to win a rose in every class throughout her school-course, at its close she received the Rose of Roses, presented in a vase of porcelain, with the date upon it in golden numbers. Truly a scholastic honor to be striven for, and, when gained, to be treasured through life!

How many roses of honor fell to the share of Mademoiselle Elise, as she was called, history saith not, but it is certain she and Hortense were very happy together, wandering through the grand old forest of St. Germains; taking their turns at saying "grace" in the quaint little dining-room pulpit; and learning to sew and cook and clean and mend lace, as well as to play and draw, and recite long extracts from the dramas

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of Racine and Madame de Genlis. They, too, no doubt took their parts in the representations of "Esther" and other plays, to which Bonaparte came, on the invitation of his stepdaughter, and which were enacted in the hall of exercises, beneath the inscription, "Talents are the ornament of the rich, and the wealth of the poor."

For, Madame Campan, *grande dame* though she was, believed in preparing her young charges for all the changes and chances that so often befall one in this fickle world, although she trained them "to avoid making domestic details the subject of conversation in the drawing-room, for that is a most decided mark of ill-breeding. It is proper for all to know how to do and direct, but it is only for ill-educated women to talk about their carriages, servants, washing and cooking."

Until a well-grown maiden of "sweet sixteen," Eliza was the sole child of the Monroes' hearth and home; but then another little girl came to share their affections. She was christened Maria, and, as a mite of four, astonished the good people of Virginia, when taken back there arrayed in the latest French fashion, with long pantalettes down to her ankles.

This younger daughter was a girl of four-

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teen when her father was elected President and the family moved to the new White House, which was completed just in time for them. To her, too, fell the honor of being the first bride to be wedded in the great East Room, where, at seventeen, she gave her heart and hand to her cousin, Samuel Gouverneur.

Mrs. Monroe was somewhat of an invalid, so the burden of social duties at the Executive Mansion fell largely to Eliza, who, long ere this, had developed from the demure little school girl into the extremely elegant and accomplished Mrs. George Hay, the wife of a Virginia judge.

She was equal to the occasion, but it must be conceded that she was a rather haughty young woman and carried things with a pretty high hand. Perhaps her European education had unfitted her for life in a republic; but, however that may be, the Monroe ladies all won the name of being very exclusive; refused to return visits, and gave sore offense to the families of Senators and Representatives accustomed to the genial courtesy of winsome Queen Dolly and "Little Jim Madison."

Magnificent as the presidential dinners were, graced by the richest of silver plate; and cheery as were the vast rooms, brightened by open fires

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of blazing hickory logs, questions of "precedent" caused many a heart-burning and were resented even by those who deeply admired the tall, rugged head of the nation in his old style, small clothes, silk hose and knee buckles, and whose frank, open expression showed him truly worthy of Jefferson's encomium—"Monroe is so honest that if you turned his soul inside out, there would not be a spot on it."

Mrs. Hay received in great state and was regal-looking in her robe of crimson velvet with nodding white plumes in her hair, while by her side frequently appeared her beautiful little daughter, Hortensia, named for the dear friend of her youth who was also the child's godmother, and who early heard reminiscences of her royal sponsor.

Nor did the Queen of Holland forget her American namesake, for she sent her several valuable gifts, among them being a picture of herself, one of her brother Eugene de Beauharnais, and one of Madame Campan, while she cordially wrote to her old schoolmate:

"You ought to have received our portraits for your daughter—our goddaughter. Although I have never received your letter on this subject, yet I take the right that you have given me over her and send you a little chain of the

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country where I live, and which I pray you to make her wear as a souvenir of me."

These mementos, together with a miniature of Mrs. Monroe painted while she was in Paris, have been carefully preserved by a Baltimore family and there is also reason to believe that the royal lady of Holland remembered her American namesake in her last will.

So handsome Hortensia Hay became early accustomed to formal and state occasions in her distinguished grandfather's house and was merely a graceful slip of a maiden when she helped her elegant mother welcome and entertain General Lafayette at Oak Hill, their fine Virginia home.

She, however, grew up a sadly willful girl, and married sorely against her parents' wishes, becoming the second wife of Lord Rogers of Baltimore, with whom she was most unhappy.

But through all these years of joy and sorrow, Eliza's heart ever reverted with longing and affection to *la belle France*, where so much of her blithe, careless girlhood had been spent, until, finding herself widowed and childless, she determined to end her days on the other side of the Atlantic, which she did, dwelling for a number of years in Paris, and being finally buried in Pere-la-Chaise.

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Maria was very different from her sister, and, doubtless, a more congenial companion to Mr. Monroe, whose doctrine was always "America for Americans."

She found her happiness in her native land, surrounded by her children and grandchildren; and one descendant of our fifth President, who bears his name, remembers the devoted "grandma," with whom, as a tiny chap, he made delightful pilgrimages to Mrs. Clitz's toy-shop in Washington, there to purchase fascinating playthings; and who was the "Lady Bountiful" of Oak Hill, dispensing her charity to the poor, for miles around.

The Gouverneurs' own home, however, was in New York and there Mr. Monroe spent much time with them, after the loss of his wife. There, too, he passed away, like so many of his predecessors, on the Fourth of July, in 1831.

Many years after, the loyal sons of the Old Dominion removed his body to Richmond in order that it might lie in the soil of his native state. In that Southern clime, likewise, in a grave on the Oak Hill estate, ever kept green by masses of luxuriant myrtle, now peacefully sleeps the first bride of the White House and the youngest of the aristocratic Monroes.

CHAPTER VI

THE COSMOPOLITAN ADAMS FAMILY

No man ever had a more cosmopolitan family than Mr. John Quincy Adams, the precocious Braintree boy, of whom we have heard before as the son of our second President, and who served his country in so many foreign lands.

His delicate, intellectual wife, Miss Louisa Catherine Johnson, though of American parentage, was born in England and passed the greater part of her girlhood in France. She met the young diplomat while her father was United States Consul in London, and their children could claim to represent three countries by the right of birth.

There was the small German, George Washington, the first-born, who came to delight the parents' hearts at Berlin; the two little Yankees, John and Charles Francis, who first saw the light in "good old Boston towne," and the baby Russian, the only daughter, named for her

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mother, who opened her eyes for one brief twelve-month in St. Petersburg, and then closed them forever, fading into a mere sweet memory, left among the ice and snow in the realm of the Imperial Czar.

Oh, that exile in Russia! For so Mrs. Adams ever considered it and sorely she chafed at the separation from her two eldest sons left, with their grandparents, on this side of the ocean. It was probably the dreariest time of her whole life, although her husband held the proud position of first minister to that most august of courts, was treated with distinguished kindness by the Emperor and his courtiers, and their life was a brilliant round of balls, fêtes, dinners, court presentations, launches, displays of fireworks, birthday festivities, parades, baptisms, plays, state funerals, illuminations, and Te Deums for victory; in short, every species of social gayety and public pageant, all of which Mr. Adams carefully recorded in his voluminous diary.

She had, however, for her comfort and companion during these six years Charles Francis, a baby of two when he went abroad, but who blossomed into an extremely handsome and accomplished little lad with the linguistic talent of a veritable Russian, being able to chatter in

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French and German as well as in the tongue of the country where he lived, while he could repeat from memory all of Addison's version of the nineteenth and twenty-third Psalms. He was, though, inclined to be rather shy and quiet, even when taken to the palace, where he was a great pet, and was made much of by the Empress and grand duchesses.

Charles was the only one of the brothers who knew the infant sister, Louisa Catherine, while he was his mother's sole escort — besides servants — when in the spring of 1815 she made a perilous journey across what might be called the battlefield of Europe, for war was everywhere, and traces of carnage on all sides.

Often the boy of seven shivered with fear as they drove through dense forests echoing with the cries of wild beasts, floundered in snowdrifts, and listened to grim predictions of future trouble, while the scenes in the streets of Paris on the night after Napoleon's return from Elba were stamped indelibly upon his childish mind. But at length London was reached in safety and there came a joyful reunion of the whole family.

In the meantime, while Charles was learning to be a little courtier, George and John were leading healthy, active, out-door lives on their

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grandfather's farm at Quincy, and there they had as companions two bright young girl cousins — the orphan daughters of the uncle for whom their younger brother was named. One was Abigail Adams the third, and the other the high-spirited Susanna who once had the fracas with little Ann Black and was a very small "White House girl" when John Adams was President.

They were a gay quartette, wandering over Penn Hill, running, when hungry, to the "cookie bag" that grandma always kept hanging at the head of the cellar stairs; celebrating with enthusiastic patriotism the Fourth of July, which was also John's birthday; and in the Holidays watching eagerly for a queer old pensioner who always came at that season and whom they dubbed "Father Christmas," although he carried away a gift instead of bringing one. That, however, was probably because he bore a staff bedecked with brightly-polished apples and sang them a quaint little song:

"I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year,
A pocket full of money and a
Cellar full of beer."

But even in childhood an eternity of six years

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eventually comes to an end, and at last a letter arrived which summoned the boys to join their parents in London, and they bade a long "farewell" to the kind grandfather and grandmother, the merry cousins, and the pleasant New England farm.

Mr. John Quincy Adams had then been transferred to the Court of St. James, so the trio of reunited brothers went to English schools, had interesting glimpses of high life and heard a vast deal of talk about court etiquette and court cards and clothes, and had many a hearty republican laugh, too, over what they considered "absurd nonsense."

But when a certain royal princess was married they were treated to some of the wedding cake and found it very good, and John, at least, always remembered the time he went to see the grand show on the occasion of the Queen's birthday drawing-room. The state coach was so magnificent, with its eight cream-colored horses and golden harness adorned with blue ribbon bows, while it was so gloriously exciting when the rude populace hissed the prince regent and pelted his carriage with stones and mud.

I wonder if they were not a bit sorry when Mr. Adams was recalled to Washington and appointed by Monroe Secretary of State (an of-

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fice which has so often proved a stepping-stone to the Presidency), for the Federal city was at that time anything but an agreeable place of abode.

As a well-known writer says: "What must European diplomats have thought of a capital city where snakes two feet long invaded gentlemen's drawing-rooms and a carriage, bringing home the guests from a ball, could be upset by the impenetrable depth of quagmire at the very door of a foreign minister's residence."

Society, too, was almost as stupid as the streets, though gambling ran shamefully high in certain sets. To enliven things the Adamses gave weekly parties, and Monsieur De Neuville entertained at grand dinners when he mystified the plain Yankees by serving "turkeys without bones, puddings in the form of fowls, fresh cod disguised as a salad, and celery like oysters." This French Minister also shocked the New England ladies by having dancing on Saturday nights, which they had been taught to consider "holy time."

Still the boys must have rejoiced when their father was elected President, and, perhaps, they were in the old Quincy church on that Sabbath morning when the horse's hoofs clattering

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through the streets brought the congregation to its feet crying out "What is the matter?"

In these days of telegraphs and telephones it is hard to realize how long it took news to travel in those bygone times, and relays of horses and riders were hired to carry word of Mr. Adams' victory from Washington to his home town, where they arrived on Sunday. An old resident of Boston thus recalls the event as it was told to him in his youth.

"The courier bringing the news of Mr. Adams' election had urged his horse with so much speed that the sweat and foam were rolling off the horse's back, and the courier arrived at the old church door and hurried up the steps and then down the broad aisle and shouted in stentorian tones, 'John Quincy Adams is elected President of the United States.' Prayer and praise were discontinued, and congratulations were offered to one another that the good town of Quincy had been honored by having another President of the United States, and among the number who heard the report of the courier, and whose heart was brimful of joy, was the venerable John Adams, ex-President and father of John Quincy Adams. Mr. John Adams was 89 years old, and his heart was full of joy to

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think that his little son, now grown to man's estate, yes, 'little Johnny,' was elected President."

The Adams lads, however, were away from home a great deal at this period, each going, in turn, to Harvard, although George was the only one who made much of a mark there. He was truly a gifted youth, eloquent, a student of Shakespeare and something of a poet as well. On completing his college course he studied law with Daniel Webster and represented Boston in the State Legislature.

It was a sad pity that a young man of so much promise should have fallen a victim to intemperate habits. He was lost overboard from a steamboat, his career being cut short at the early age of twenty-eight.

This catastrophe did not occur, however, until after the close of his father's administration, and George was frequently drawn to the White House, not only by filial affection, but by the magnet of a pair of bright eyes belonging to a certain pretty cousin, Mary Hellen, who was there to assist her aunt in the duties of her exalted position.

But the maiden fair smiled not upon brilliant George, but upon his handsomer though more hot-tempered brother John, who was Mr.

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Adams' secretary, and one winter night there was a small, old-fashioned wedding in the Blue Room, when they "passed the cake through the ring" and cut generous plummy slices for all the guests.

Bookish, taciturn Charles Francis was now the young man of the house, having just left his *alma mater*, and, after all, he was the one who made the deepest impression upon his day and generation, and is best remembered as an author and statesman, while he went as Minister to Great Britain during the war of the Rebellion. Wedding a lady of wealth, he passed his summers at the old Quincy home-stead, where he collected mementos of his distinguished family and which is now preserved as a historic landmark dear to all loyal Americans.

Altogether, the White House under Quincy Adams was a very homelike, cheerful place with wooings and weddings, christenings and social gatherings and was especially so after the advent of Mr. and Mrs. John's infant daughter, Mary Louise.

Such a winsome little creature as she was! and what a grand evening baptism she had when the most noted men of the day came to bow low before her small ladyship, and her stately godfather, General Stephen Van Renssalaer,

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"the last of the Patroons," brought an exquisite set of Cupid cameos to lay at her chubby, dimpled feet.

"Looly," as they fondly called the cherished baby, was the jolliest of children, playing with "Sally," a big rag doll, manufactured by her great-aunt, Mrs. Thomas Adams; lisping Mother Goose's Melodies and dancing "Jim Crow," in the pleasant room fitted up as a nursery, which was now the most attractive spot in the great, rambling mansion. She was her grandfather's darling, for cold and austere as John Quincy Adams was generally considered, he is said to have been most affectionate in his family relations. He it was who taught the wee maid her alphabet and delighted to have her read to him out of the Bible, ever his favorite book, and in which he made it a practice to peruse three chapters every day.

The President liked, too, to have other relatives with him and among those who often visited him was his niece, Susanna, the lively mad cap of the Quincy farm, now a blithe young widow. When a girl in her teens, she went, with her grandmother, to a ball in Boston, and, being in light mourning, wore a short, black satin frock, black silk stockings and black satin slippers. To the dance came, likewise, several

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officers from a United States man-of-war, lying at anchor in the harbor, and, among them a youthful Marylander, who was an utter stranger.

"Whom would you like to be presented to?" someone asked him.

"That is the prettiest foot here," he replied, glancing around the ball-room and selecting Miss Susan's black satin slippers which, straightway, tripped, Cinderella-wise, into his heart; for the Southern lieutenant became her husband and she Mrs. Clark.

She was a bright, witty young widow, though, when her uncle was in the White House, and had a little Susy of her own, while in later life, she married again and became very well known as Mrs. Treadway.

Other nieces and nephews also flocked around the great man and it was two of these who hastened, with Madam Adams, to his side when, after fifteen years of hard Congressional work, he died, as he had lived, in his country's service.

Stricken down at his post, he passed away beneath the dome of the Capitol, his final words being, "This is the last of earth! I am content!"

Borne back to the place of his birth, he lies buried "under the portal of the church at

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Quincy," while, with him and his gentle wife ended the statesmen and ladies of the Revolution, leaving two Adams boys to hand down their illustrious name.

CHAPTER VII

INDIAN LINCOYER AND THE MERRY ANDREWS

WAS there ever a stranger and more varied career than that of the hero of New Orleans and our seventh President — quick-tempered, kind-hearted Andrew Jackson, a man without fear if not altogether without reproach!

The son of a Scotch-Irish emigrant, born in the backwoods after his father's death, running barefooted about Waxhaw and learning the "three R's" from his hard-working mother, and, later, at an old-field school in the pine woods, being taken prisoner at fourteen and boldly refusing to black a British officer's boots, teaching a few pupils, studying law, fighting duels as well as Indians, and leading the army to victory against a foreign foe — his whole progress from log-cabin to White House reads like a boy's serial story, replete with adventure.

During the Revolution many skirmishing parties invaded the Carolinas, and one vacation-

time Andrew and his brother Robert attached themselves as supernumeraries, to Major Davie's Dragoons. Probably they only helped with the horses and performed small chores, but they were present at the famous little battle of Hanging Rock and then had their first taste of war, while they also assisted their mother in caring for the wounded in an improvised hospital in a church.

Later, in a hot struggle at Waxhaw, when their cousin's house was pillaged and his wife and children cruelly treated, the Jackson boys, with others, were taken prisoners.

It was at this time that a British officer ordered Andrew to black his boots. Indignantly the lad refused, declaring that he was a prisoner of war and should be treated as such.

"Insolent young coxcomb!" we can imagine the Tory crying, and, lifting his saber, he struck him such bloody blows over head and arms that the youth bore the scars to his grave. Failing with Andrew, the red coat turned to his brother with the same haughty command and received the same defiant answer, at which he punished him, too, and both boys were hurried off to a stockade prison at Camden, where they contracted smallpox, of which Robert died, and Andrew just escaped with his life.

Also losing his mother, who likewise fell a martyr to the cause, the lonely young orphan wandered across the mountains to Tennessee and there, for a time, took up the more peaceful battles of the law.

While a law student, though, he seemed engrossed by sports rather than books, for as a contemporary said: "Andrew Jackson was the most roaring, rollicking, game-cocking, horse-racing, card-playing, mischievous fellow that ever lived in Salisbury," while many a prank was traced to his door. In the course of time, too, he returned to his early love of warfare during the Indian uprisings and conflict of 1812. But whatever he was to men, to women he was always charming from the sincere and chivalrous respect he felt for all the sex; although the one romance of his life was his courtship and marriage with sprightly black-eyed Rachel Donelson, the divorced wife of a certain unworthy Captain Robards, who proved a true and devoted helpmeet to the valiant General and made a real home of the "Hermitage," their two-story log house in Tennessee, where rich and poor were always welcome, doing much to gain for her husband the title of "The Prince of Hospitality."

Having no family of his own, Mr. Jackson

was ever ready to open his heart and home to all relatives of his wife and into them one day crept a three-days-old infant — one of twin boys born to Rachel's brother — and so speedily did this child win his baby-way that he adopted him for his own, gave him his name, and, in time, made him the heir to all he possessed.

Free and happy as a squirrel of the wild woods, then, small Andy grew up on the secluded plantation, and one of the old soldier's staff liked to tell of a visit he once paid at the Hermitage.

It was a cold, rainy evening in early spring when he rode up to the door and he was wont to say:

“ I came upon General Jackson in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. Seeing me he called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room and said that the child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child — his adopted son, then not two years old.”

This was truly characteristic of the man who was ready to share his last morsel of food — a handful of acorns — with a starving comrade; who walked five hundred miles, from Natchez

to Nashville, in order that his sick soldiers might ride, thus being declared "tough as hickory," and earning his title of "Old Hickory," and who rescued a miserable Indian paupoose and brought it up beneath the shelter of his own roof.

This last incident occurred shortly after some cruel outrages of the red men had set the whole southwestern country agog, and they were even planning an attack upon Mobile. General Jackson's troops, however, were sent to put them down and a fierce encounter took place at the Indian village of Talluschatches, where many savages were slain and captured.

After the battle, a Creek squaw, struck down by a stray bullet, was found dead, while on her bosom nestled a live infant, vainly endeavoring to procure its natural sustenance. This poor, brown waif was borne into camp, but not one of the captive women could be induced to nourish it.

"No," said they gloomily, "all his relations are dead; kill him too."

But not so thought the commander-in-chief, and, taking the little fellow to his tent, he kept him alive on brown sugar and water until he could be sent to the city of Nashville for better care. There, then, he remained until the end

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of the campaign, being nursed at the General's expense, while later his benefactor carried him home with him to the Hermitage.

Mrs. Jackson received the baby red-skin cordially; he was christened Lincoyer and grew up a pet in the household, receiving the same education as the planters' sons in the neighborhood. So you see there was no lack of young life on the Tennessee plantation, while, soon after, another namesake of Old Hickory's, Andy Donelson, also came there to live, and can you not imagine what jolly times the two merry Andrews and their nut-brown companion must have had together, hunting and fishing, swimming in the streams, climbing the fruit trees and waxing hale and hearty on the proverbial hog and hominy!

The good-humored house-mother watched over and beamed upon them as though they had been her very own trio of sons, and often, too, there was a pretty little auburn-haired girl cousin at the Hermitage, winning all hearts by her sweet smile and gentle ways, and to one at least of the boys becoming his *beau ideal* of perfect maidenhood.

"Lovely Emily" was what everyone called Captain John Donelson's youngest daughter, even when she was only a little schoolgirl going

to the old Academy in Nashville, and she was but a lass of sixteen when she married her kinsman, Andrew Donelson, the third Hermitage boy, who later became private secretary at the White House.

As for Lincoyer, he developed into a finely-formed youth, full of promise and the joy and pride of the General, who was extremely fond of him. At the proper age he was allowed to choose a trade and selected that of harness-making, to which he was apprenticed. But it did not agree with the forest-born orphan, and before he reached his seventeenth year he fell a victim to that dread enemy of his race, consumption, and though carefully nursed by kind Aunt Rachel, pined away and was laid to rest beneath the shades of his foster home.

But there were many happy years ere these changes came to pass, to say naught of that dreadful Christmastide when the father was away defending New Orleans against a besieging British foe. How eagerly and anxiously they must have waited and looked for news until word came of the glorious victory of January 8th, 1815, and of the honors showered upon the gallant commander, who was hailed as the liberator of the Crescent City! How, too, their young hearts must have swelled with

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pride when told of their adopted parent, the hero of the hour, being escorted to the cathedral by children, strewing flowers and chanting an ode in his praise, and of the bishop crowning him with a chaplet of laurel.

I fancy, too, that little seven-year-old Andrew Jackson, Jr., fairly capered with delight when informed that he was to go with his mother to New Orleans, and that he ever remembered the distinguished attentions there paid them — being too young to have the memory marred by the fact that the General and his backwoods wife rather shocked the society of the Southern metropolis by dancing a breakdown at a public ball. They were both rough diamonds, but true gems, well worth the polishing, and Mr. Jackson was devoted to his "bonnie brown wife," never missing an opportunity of showing that he considered her the perfection of her sex and the most delightful woman in the whole world.

Indeed, this man, who was sometimes so irascible and almost savage, was never even *impatient* with wife, children or servants. He dearly loved his home and "The visitor," says a contemporary, "could often see the General seated in his rocking-chair, with a chubby boy wedged

in on each side of him and a third perhaps in his lap, while he was trying to read the newspaper." Yet this was the man who, in Boston, used to be held up to young folks as an ogre to frighten them into obedience. In a letter preserved by Fiske, was written in after-years, "It has been pleasant to revise many of my ideas and opinions; for my youthful memory goes back to the days when Jackson was like a bogey to frighten naughty children! Boston was a place of *one idea* then."

But time flies fast even in the secluded rural corner of Tennessee, where, after the war, Old Hickory built a fine new Hermitage, replacing the old log house by a commodious mansion of brick, adorned with Corinthian pillars, and with the hall hung with scenes from Telemachus. Before, too, one realized it, the boys had shot up into men, and a Western paper was suggesting the hero of New Orleans as a candidate for the Presidency.

At first people considered this a joke — the tall, lank, sandy-haired frontiersman was so different from the courtly gentlemen who had held the position, that he was not their ideal for the head of the nation. Indeed, he laughed at the idea himself, saying:

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"No, no! They may send me out to fight the Indians, but I shall never do for a President."

Nevertheless, the hint took root and spread until it ended in his nomination and election.

Mrs. Jackson was not over-pleased, and she was never happy afterward. The calumnies heaped upon her husband during the campaign — calumnies in which she, owing to some irregularity in their marriage, was unfortunately mixed up — sunk deep into her sensitive heart already weakened by disease and she died between the election and inauguration.

Jackson felt this most keenly and was furious against the newspapers which had maligned them both. Shortly after the funeral, while arranging some flowers on her grave, he suddenly clasped his hands and turning to his adopted son, young Andrew Jackson, and others who stood by, declared: "She was murdered — murdered by slanderers that pierced her heart. May God Almighty forgive her murderers, as I know she forgave them. I never can."

He never did, and it was a very sad and truly bereaved man who finally entered the Executive Mansion.

But for Emily and Andrew, the new Chief

Magistrate would now have been desolate indeed. The former, as wife of the private secretary, did all she could to fill her aunt's place, while the adopted son brought a Philadelphia bride to share with his charming cousin the cares and pleasures of the White House.

The President always called young Mrs. Donelson "my daughter," and deferred to her in all matters of etiquette, saying:

" You know best, my dear. Do as you please."

A most pleasing and gracious hostess, too, the Nashville girl proved, and one who is said to have curiously resembled Mary, Queen of Scots. On one occasion a foreign minister remarked to her in some surprise: " Madam, you dance with the grace of a Parisian. I can hardly realize you were educated in Tennessee." To which she responded with spirit: " Count, you forget that grace is a cosmopolite, and, like a wild flower, is much oftener found in the woods than in the streets of a city."

Her four children were all born in the White House. Of course there was an Andrew named for his illustrious great-uncle, a small John and two bonny girlies, and again, there were grand christenings in the great East Room, with its French furniture, crowned by the

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American eagle. The President, himself, stood for two of them, Mr. Van Buren for a third, and General Polk for the youngest.

Fairly idolized, too, were these little folks by the hero of New Orleans, who took the deepest interest in all that concerned them. When, too, the corner stone of the Treasury Building was laid and he was asked for a souvenir to deposit beneath it, he called for a pair of shears and, clipping a cluster of curls from the sunny pate of the, then, "White House baby," gave that to the messenger, with the order that it be placed in the corner-stone box as the "presidential memento."

Does it not seem strange, then, that many years after, in the very structure beneath which rests the curl of the Donelson infant, there was employed a gray-haired, sweet-faced woman of more than three-score, who could remember when she was little Mary Emily Donelson, a veritable White House girl! As for the boys, Andrew became a captain of engineers in the United States army, but faded away like poor Lincoyer in early manhood, while John fell at the battle of Chickamauga, fighting in defense of the Confederate cause.

Before, however, President Jackson's second term had drawn to a close, failing health forced

"lovely Emily" to retire from Washington to Tulip Grove, her beautiful Tennessee home. Here she rapidly became weaker and a pretty incident is told of her sitting one evening by an open window admiring the winter sunset, when a bird entered and, flying several times around the room, alighted upon her chair.

One of the children uttered an exclamation and tried to catch it, but the mother restrained him, "Do not disturb it, darling," she said. "Maybe it comes to bid me prepare for my flight to another world. I leave you here, but the Heavenly Father who shelters and provides for this poor little bird this wintry day, will also watch over and take care of you all when I am gone. Don't forget mama; love her always, and try to live so we may all meet again in heaven."

A few days later the quartette of little ones was left motherless.

Young Andrew Jackson and his wife henceforth kindly cared for the old gentleman in the White House. She, highly cultured and accomplished, had, as Sarah Yorke, been the pet of a large circle of friends in the Quaker City, and the President was devoted to her.

One day, when a deputation from the Keystone State visited him, he welcomed them with:

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"Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you, for I am much indebted to Pennsylvania. She has given me a daughter who is a great comfort to her father."

After the expiration of his administration the family all journeyed back to the old plantation, where they made their home together.

It took a month to make the trip and the ex-President's favorite grandchild, Rachel Jackson (named for his wife) has recalled for us the excitement created by the coach breaking down on the road as well as how the old General gave away one hundred and fifty silver half-dollars to his namesakes, saying to as many mothers: "This is our country's eagle. It will do for the little one to cut his teeth on now, but teach him to love and defend it."

Young Rachel was the joy of the retired hero's heart during the few remaining years of his life, and one morning when she came to kiss him "good-bye" before starting for school he threw around her neck a chain of fine workmanship. To this was hung a miniature of the one who had been his beloved companion for thirty-seven years and which he had worn hidden in his bosom ever since their parting.

"Wear it, Rachel, for my sake," he said.

Less than a week after he passed away, with

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his last gaze on the face of this dear granddaughter. He had joined the wife of his youth beyond the stars, and Andrew Jackson, Jr., was master of the Hermitage.

CHAPTER VIII

THE VAN BUREN BOYS

WHILE the incidents of the last chapter were making history in the South, and when away back at the close of the eighteenth century "Old Hickory," as the Waxhaw youngster, was winning his youthful spurs, two little Dutch folk were trudging to school together at Kinderhook on the Hudson.

One was young Martin Van Buren, the son of "mine host," of the village tavern, and the other little Hannah Hoes, who admired, with all her girlish heart, the head scholar of the Academy, the clever boy, who began the study of law at fourteen, and who actually argued a case against his preceptor, Sylvester, and won it, too, before he was sixteen.

This seemed the more wonderful because he was so small, the justice made him stand upon a bench, with the exhortation: "There, Mat, beat your master!"

Elated by this success, Martin, then, fared

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him off to New York to continue his studies and there fell under the flattering influence of the fascinating politician, Aaron Burr, when he was at the zenith of his popularity. His fancy, however, never wavered from the sweetheart of his boyhood and he returned to Kinderhook and to Hannah.

They were married and set up housekeeping in a modest manner; a quartette of rolly-poly babies coming to make the little home bright and cheery; though one was only vouchsafed them for a few weeks.

Twelve years, too, were all they passed together, for shortly after their removal to Albany — where Mr. Van Buren's profession as well as his duties in the State Senate called him — the gentle wife was summoned to join the great majority.

A victim of consumption, her illness was a long one, while she was so nervous that small Abraham, John and the baby could only see her on those days when she was most comfortable, being just taken in to kiss her and then told to "run away."

It has, however, been recorded by her niece, a girl of sixteen at the time, that —

"When told by her physicians that she could live, in all probability, but a few days longer,

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she called her children to her and gave them her dying counsel and blessing, and with the utmost composure bade them farewell and committed them to the care of the Saviour she loved and in whom she trusted."

The baby could not have long survived his mother, but in the course of a few years we hear of Abraham at the Military Academy at West Point. Here, like others, he started in, in the "Awkward Squad," and worked and drilled through his cadet course, after which he was sent to subdue the red men of the plains, only resigning when his father desired his services as Secretary at the White House.

John, on the contrary, followed in the footsteps of his clever parent, taking his degree at Yale, studying law with the late Benjamin F. Butler, and being admitted to the bar.

He was an elegant young man, tall and handsome, with such delightful, courtly manners that he was popularly known as "Prince John." He was an *attaché* of the legation during Mr. Van Buren's short sojourn in England — for the official career of the Kinderhook lawyer is the most remarkable on record, he being United States Senator, Governor of New York, Secretary of State, Minister to the Court of St. James and Vice-President, all within the

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short period of six years. Then, to crown all, the chief honor within the nation's gift was thrust upon him.

Probably Martin Van Buren never missed his lost wife more than when he succeeded General Jackson, and the White House had to be thrown open without a mistress to add graceful womanly touches to its bare walls. Nevertheless, this "bachelor's hall" always presented an appearance of unostentatious elegance and its duties were administered with elevated grace. Even Henry Clay, Van Buren's bitter enemy, wrote of him:

"I have always found him in his manner and deportment, civil, courteous and gentlemanly; and he dispenses in the noble mansion which he now occupies, one worthy the residence of the chief magistrate of a great people, a generous and liberal hospitality. An acquaintance with him of more than twenty years' duration has inspired me with a respect for the man, although I regret to be compelled to say, I detest the magistrate."

Abraham, who now wore the epaulettes of a major, was his right-hand man and did his best to make the public receptions pleasant affairs; while to one of these there came one day, with Mistress Dolly Madison, such a graceful,

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vivacious girl that the President was quite captivated with her.

A South Carolinian was pretty Angelica Singleton, and little more than a schoolgirl, having lately left the seminary of Madam Gre laud, in Philadelphia, where she had passed several years. She, therefore, enjoyed her first taste of Washington society, with all the zest of a "bud," and her sparkling, dark eyes soon drew the gallant young officer to her side, while, one New Year's Day, delighted Martin Van Buren proudly presented his new daughter-in-law as the Lady of the White House.

The following spring, the young couple took a wedding trip to Europe, where they visited the bride's uncle, Mr. Stevenson, then Minister to England, and were most cordially received in France by Louis Philippe and his queen.

When dining at St. Cloud ceremony was cast aside, and the king himself conducted them through the palace, and wished to show them his grandson, the Comte De Paris. But, on knocking at the door of the royal nursery, they met with no response.

On returning to the drawing-room, Mrs. Van Buren told this to the queen, who, laughingly said: "Ah, that is all the king knows about it! After his mother left with the Duc

D'Orleans for Algiers, I caused the child to be removed to a chamber near my own." She then proposed sending for him and for her Wurtemberg grandchild as well, but, unfortunately, both little princes were fast asleep.

The bride and groom returned to America in the fall, and, gaily enough, the administration of our eighth President drew to a close. He only served one term and is said to have saved half his salary. Therefore, on returning to private life he was spared those pecuniary troubles which distressed the old age of so many of his predecessors.

He purchased, near the home of his boyhood, an old estate where Washington Irving dwelt for a time and where he put the finishing touches to his "Knickerbocker"; and naming it "Lindenwald," settled down there into a highly respected private citizen.

By this time, "Prince John" was winning his laurels with his eloquent tongue, and, ere long, became conspicuous as a chief among the "Barnburners," a name given to Northern men with Southern principles.

Often, too, on the streets of New York, might be seen an old and a young man walking, arm in arm. The one short, white-haired, but extremely erect; and the other tall and

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striking in appearance, with a resolute, rather aggressive bearing and with his hair parted in the middle, in a fashion then novel on this side of the Atlantic. Passersby often turned to look at them and were wont to whisper: "There goes ex-President Van Buren and his younger son, 'Prince John.' "

The latter's health was not over strong and he and his father, also, made a long and satisfactory tour through Europe. He recuperated, but eventually died at sea.

For some years, the mistress of the old Dutch homestead of "Lindenwald" was Angelica Van Buren, who there kept house for her father-in-law and husband, and there a bevy of grandsons was the joy of the ex-President, ere his life peacefully ebbed away, beside the noble stream discovered by Hendrick Hudson. Afterward, she took her children abroad to be educated, and, in later life, was accounted a society leader in New York, as well as the mother of a promising second generation of "Van Buren boys."

CHAPTER IX

“TIPPECANOE” AND HIS FAMILY, TOO

“For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
And with them we’ll beat little Van.”

THIS was a popular election song of the Whigs, which rang out uproariously all over the land in 1840, during what was termed the “Log Cabin and Hard Cider Campaign.”

They did beat little Van Buren sure enough, and nowhere was the victory more enthusiastically celebrated than round North Bend, in Ohio, where General William Henry Harrison and his good wife had come amongst the earliest pioneers. Here, too, their ten boys and girls had been born, and here, alas! one died in infancy and seven in the first blush of young manhood and womanhood.

Some old inhabitants, indeed, could recall the time when the gallant captain, poor and then unknown to fame, came a-wooing pretty, pious Anna Symmes, the daughter of the proprietor

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of the "Great Miami Purchase," and, being opposed by her wealthy father, wedded her on the sly, one day when the Judge was away from home, and would laughingly relate how the irate parent returned and exclaimed: "Well, sir, I understand you have married Anna!"

"Yes, sir," responded Captain Harrison candidly.

"But how do you expect to support her?"

"By my sword and my own right arm."

Which answer so delighted Judge Symmes that he relented and gave the young couple his blessing on the spot; while he lived to be rarely proud of his son-in-law, the hero of Fort Meigs, of the Thames, and, above all, of Tippecanoe,—that fierce battle against the Indian Chief Tecumseh and his prophet brother.

The son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a college graduate, the Captain thought as much of education as of warfare, and, as schools were "few and far between" in that thinly-settled country, he employed a tutor for his flock of little ones, fitted up a cabin on his farm, as a schoolhouse, and invited the boys and girls of his neighbors to share his children's advantages.

This instruction was mingled with much of the healthy fun of farm life, while from their

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mother the young Harrisons imbibed strong religious principles, for Anna Symmes had been brought up in an almost puritanical manner by her grandmother and was wont to say, "from her earliest childhood, the frivolous amusements of youth had no charm for her. If ever constrained to attend places of fashionable amusement, it was to gratify others and not herself."

Very sweet, but sadly subdued by the loss of so many children, as well as ten grandchildren, her influence over her family was strong and abiding and her last surviving son once wrote: "That I am a firm believer in the religion of Christ is not a virtue of mine. I imbibed it at my mother's breast and can no more divest myself of it than I can of my nature."

This was John Scott Harrison, who was but a wee laddie of seven when the Miami tribe of Indians made its descent upon the white settlement, led by the "Crouching Panther" (*Tecumseh*).

But he was a man grown when his father defeated Martin Van Buren, lived on a neighbouring farm with his second wife and had a small seven-year-old of his own — little Benjamin, destined in time to reach the same high pinnacle as his grandfather, beneath whose humble roof

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at North Bend he first saw the light. He was not lucky enough to witness the old General's inauguration, but two other young grandsons did. They were the fatherless children of President Harrison's namesake son, and they accompanied their widowed mother to Washington, she — Mrs. Jane F. Harrison — being the mistress of the White House during the one brief month when her father-in-law held the reins of government.

It must have passed like a dream to the boys in the big mansion, and then pneumonia ruthlessly cut short the valiant career of the heroic soldier and he passed away with this parting injunction to Mr. Tyler — the Vice-President, — on his lips: "Sir, I wish you to understand the principles of government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."

For some years, his widow remained on the old farm, but her last days were spent in the home of her son, now Hon. J. Scott Harrison, where she received almost idolatrous attentions from her granddaughters.

Many of her grandsons were officers and soldiers in the Union Army during the Civil War, and one, when bidding her "good-bye," expressed most affectionate regret at leaving her on a bed of sickness.

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“O no, my son,” she said, “your country needs your services; I do not. Go and discharge your duty faithfully and fearlessly. I feel that my prayers in your behalf will be heard and that you will be returned in safety. And yet, perhaps, I do not feel as much concerned for you as I should. I have parted so often with your grandfather under similar circumstances, and he was always returned to me in safety, that I feel it will be the same with you.”

The young Captain did come back, crowned with honors; and the beloved grandmother, retaining all her intellectual powers, lived to be nearly ninety, an agreeable companion for both old and young.

CHAPTER X

AN OCTAVE OF F. F. V.'S

THREE was no lack of "olive branches" around the hospitable board of John Tyler of Greenway, and veritable F. F. V's were they, belonging to the State which has aptly been termed, "The Mother of Presidents."

Both their father and grandfather had occupied the Governor's chair of Virginia, while the gentle mother, whose maiden name was Letitia Christian, came from a race of whom it was said the sons were all "distinguished for their personal courage, intelligence and graceful appearance and manners; and the daughters for their beauty, piety and domestic virtues."

Mary, the first born of the seven, appears to have been her father's darling, and to her — when away in Congress — he wrote most long and amusing letters about the current events of the day, as well as pages of good advice regarding her studies, reading and deportment. Al-

ways, too, was he on the lookout for something that would please her, as a book, a comb for her hair or a new piano.

"My children are my principal treasures," he says in one of these epistles, "and my unceasing prayer is, that you may all so conduct yourselves as to merit the esteem of the good. In that way you will crown my declining years with blessings and multiply my joys upon earth. I am sure that you, my dear daughter, will fulfill my anticipations and be a blessing to your parents."

It was, then, a great trial to Mr. Tyler when the first break occurred in the family circle, and this "dear daughter" in early girlhood, gave her hand and heart to Henry Lightfoot Jones, and went to live some distance from the old homestead; and he writes thus pathetically:

"What am I to do without you, on my return home, should you have left before that takes place? I need not say that I shall miss you daily and hourly. I scarcely know how I ever prevailed on myself to part with you at all, but I hope the change may contribute to your happiness."

Next to Mary, came two boys, Robert and John, who were devoted admirers of their kindly affectionate father. We can imagine

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how they loved to hearken to reminiscences of his prankish youth, and especially how he was ringleader in a rebellion against a certain tyrannical teacher, more given to the birch rod than to moral suasion; how the pupils bound him hand and foot and left him locked in the school-house, until discovered by a passer-by; and how their grandfather, Judge Tyler, when complained to by the infuriated master, only quoted majestically, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"

These lads completed their education at the college of William and Mary, in Williamsburg, and it was Mr. Tyler's fondest wish that he and his two sons might practise law together.

Robert married a daughter of the tragedian, Thomas Aphorpe Cooper, and his bright young wife, Priscilla, took quite an active part at the White House during the Tyler régime.

Following these, came three little maids, Letitia, Elizabeth and Alice, and to this trio, the loving parent, also, indited most affectionate epistles.

"Misses Letty and Lizzie," he once wrote, "if you do not learn your books and be obedient and good girls, I shall not love you. You, Miss Letty, do what is right and Lizzie will follow your example; but if she is a bad girl, don't do, Miss Lizzie, as she does, but do what

is right and becoming. Father thinks mighty often of little Alice, and hopes that she does not cry much now."

This last small daughter is also spoken of in the home correspondence as "the fattest thing, and the sweetest and the worst you ever saw," and she was but a child of twelve when General Harrison's sudden death made her father President, while the baby, Tazewell, was still younger.

By this time, however, Letty was married, as well as Mary, and it was as young Mrs. Semple that she accompanied her invalid mother to Washington and joined the family in the White House. Here, the customary mode of life at Greenway was kept up as much as possible, while the morning after their arrival, their father said at the breakfast table, "Now, my children, during the next few years we are to occupy the home of the President of the United States. I hope you will conduct yourselves with even more than your usual propriety and decorum. Remember you will be much in the public eye. You are to know no favorites. Your visitors will be citizens of the United States, and as such are all to be received with equal courtesy. You will not receive any gifts whatever and allow no one to approach you on

the subject of office or favors. These words you will kindly remember, my children, and let it not be incumbent on me to speak them again."

Hospitality was now dispensed by two dinner parties each week and an occasional ball, but only once a year were the women permitted at table in the State dining-room, and that on the occasion of the President's annual dinner to his Cabinet. At this period, too, was started the idea of having music in the grounds of the mansion on mild Saturday afternoons.

The beauty of the family was, undoubtedly, Elizabeth, a charming young girl with fine eyes, an exquisite complexion and soft hair curling in her neck. She, too, was a White House bride, having a pretty little winter wedding in the big East Room. Mrs. Robert Tyler thus described her on the occasion to a friend in Pennsylvania:

"Lizzie looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding dress and long, blonde, lace veil, her face literally covered with blushes and dimples. She behaved remarkably well, too. Any quantity of compliments were paid to her. I heard one of her bridesmaids express to Mr. Webster her surprise at Lizzie consenting to give up her belleship, with all the delights of Washington society and the advantages of her position, and

retire to a quiet Virginia home. ‘Ah, me!’ said he,

‘Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And love is heaven, and heaven is love.’”

It is rather interesting, too, to note that a son of this White House union, William Waller, when the Civil War broke out, resigned from West Point and wedded a young sister-in-law of President Davis in the executive mansion of the Confederate States at Richmond.

John, another son, though a mere lad, also joined the Southern army, and was slain in battle, “fighting,” as he said, “for his mother’s grave.”

But the four years in the White House were eventful ones to the Tylers in other ways. There a son was born to Mary and a daughter to Robert, and there the gentle, beloved mother — who had long been in delicate health — breathed her last, passing away with her favorite flower, a damask rose, clasped in her fragile hand.

This was a sad loss, indeed, and Mr. Tyler turned to his second daughter, Mrs. Semple, to assist him with the social duties of his high office. These she discharged with grace and

tact; and, in her father's leisure moments, was his devoted companion, sharing his afternoon drives and, when he was weary, lulling him to sleep with his favorite song, an old-fashioned one called "Rome." Never did she dream that she would ever be called upon to resign her place to another.

At that very time, however, another motherless girl had lately left the renowned Chegany Institute, in New York, and was traveling in Europe, acquiring all the polish which foreign culture could bestow.

A most accomplished and attractive young lady was Julia Gardiner, and on her return to her native land she accompanied her father on a visit to Washington. There they, as well as the President, were on board the *Princeton* on the occasion of that ill-fated pleasure excursion, when the great gun, "The Peacemaker," suddenly burst, carrying desolation to so many hearts.

Among those killed was Mr. Gardiner, and Mr. Tyler doubtless cared for the dazed and bereaved orphan, as well as for the victims, all of whom were buried from the Nation's home-stead.

"Pity," it is said, "is akin to love," and so it must have proved, for the following summer

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the President took a trip to New York, and when he came back, he brought Miss Julia as a stepmother for little Alice and Tazewell.

A pretty girl of fifteen was the youngest daughter at this time and a high-spirited little puss as well, as was shown one Sunday afternoon when, accompanied by Tazewell, she went to service at old St. John's. The President's pew was only reserved until a certain hour, so, being late, the youngsters found it occupied by two theological students from the Seminary at Alexandria. At their entrance, however, the young men at once stepped out and courteously held open the pew door for them to enter. With a toss of her saucy head, then, Miss Alice, pushing her brother before her, went in and quickly slammed to the door, leaving the discomfited youths standing in the aisle outside, covered with blushes and confusion.

They were forced to seek seats elsewhere, but in spite of this rebuff, one of the students could not help admiring the piquant face of the rude little lady and soon after called on the President, with the request that he might make her acquaintance. This was permitted and when the family had retired to private life at Williamsburg, Va., the infatuated young clergyman obtained the rector-

ship of the church there and finally married bonny Alice Tyler. It is their daughter who has given me this account of her parents' first meeting in old St. John's.

Quite different, I fancy, was Alice's youngest and favorite brother, Tazewell, for it is thus his child, Miss Martha T. Tyler of San Francisco, has described him to me. "He was a sensitive boy of an imaginative, poetic temperament, marked at times, nevertheless, by a somewhat paradoxical sense of humor. He lived in an era when children were supposed to be seldom seen and never heard, and except for a young sister, Alice, to whom he was singularly devoted, I think his life in Washington must have been a lonely one for a child. . . . His mother died when he was about twelve years of age. After a little they put him to school at Georgetown, and I can picture his return at vacation time to the little sister, always through her brief life — she died young — so closely in sympathy with him."

Still we hear of grand races in the long East Room, of merry romps with a little neighbor in the garden, and of a fine fancy ball for children, which was given at the White House during this administration.

The eight months after the President's sec-

ond marriage were particularly festive, while the clever young bride first introduced the etiquette of Windsor Castle by having the names of guests announced at the door. She closed her short reign by an elaborate entertainment on the evening of Washington's Birthday, 1845, and later passed most of her life on a fine estate, which Mr. Tyler purchased on the James River.

A charming home was Sherwood Forest, and Mistress Julia found her chief pleasure in caring for and training her little son, Gardiner, the child of the ex-President's old age, who completed the Tyler octave. He was, I believe, once the president of "William and Mary College," and is still well known as Judge Tyler of Virginia.

Last year, however, there passed away in Washington, the latest survivor of all John Tyler's happy boys and girls who dwelt with him in the Executive Mansion. An aged lady of nearly ninety and totally blind, she had long resided at the Louise Home — that charming abiding-place, given by Mr. W. W. Corcoran, in memory of his daughter, for Southern gentle-women of refined birth and culture.

Impoverished by the Civil War, she for some years conducted a successful school for young

ladies in Baltimore, but as her powers failed found a pleasant rest after her labors in this lovely spot, in fulfillment of a promise once made to its founder. Never, though, could she be induced to enter the official residence, and proudly declared: "I have not been there since the Pierce administration."

Her room was filled with mementos of her old home and kind friends kept it decked with flowers. Quaint, beautiful portraits of her mother and sisters beamed on her from the wall, and, ever and anon, her thoughts and conversation would revert to the halcyon days when she was bright Letitia Tyler Semple, the daughter and mistress of the White House.

CHAPTER XI

"MISS BETTY" TAYLOR

WHEN Mr. Polk was President, the boys and girls of the White House were "conspicuous by their absence." Never a chick nor child awakened the echoes of the historic halls, and there was little to attract young people even to the receptions and social affairs, as Mrs. Polk tabooed dancing and even did away with the serving of refreshments. In spite of this, however, that dignified lady was quite a popular hostess, and has ever been remembered with deep respect and admiration.

Still, we cannot help fancying that a certain youthful and frivolous set in Washington rejoiced over the election of General Zachary Taylor, not only because he was just then the idol of the nation on account of victories won in the Mexican war, but because he had a blithe, young daughter of nineteen—and a bride at that—to give a touch of girlish grace to the presidential dwelling-place.

"For more than a quarter of a century my house has been the tent and my home the battlefield," once remarked bluff "Old Rough and Ready," as his soldiers fondly nicknamed him; and as his wife (who had been a Miss Margaret Smith of Kentucky) followed him withersoever he went, to the rude western frontier, infested by Indians, or to the fever-haunted everglades of Florida, their three children — Sarah, Richard and Elizabeth — knew naught of home-life and enjoyed very little of their parents' society and care, being left with friends in settlements or placed at boarding-schools. Far from her mother's wing, then, in a Philadelphia seminary, Elizabeth — or Betty as she was generally called — developed into the bright, happy-hearted maiden of pleasant memory, while bookish little Dick was at the age of thirteen, dispatched across the sea to Scotland. There he spent three satisfactory, industrious years, becoming acquainted with the classics in good old "Edinboro' town," followed them up by a twelvemonth in France, and was then well fitted to return and enter the Junior Class at Yale, from which university he was graduated two years later.

But, for all Richard's studious ways, the love of warfare was born in his blood and bred in

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his bone. Scarcely, then, had he left college before he was off to join his father’s camp on the Rio Grande, and take his part in the conflict with our Mexican neighbors, being present at the glorious triumphs of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, where the General, “who never knew when he was beaten,” won his proudest laurels.

Probably this was highly pleasing to fighting Zach, who loved gunpowder as he did his breakfast bacon, and would ride into action as though going to a fair, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat and a linen duster. He advanced his boy all he could, but he set his face strongly against his girls marrying into the army, and frowned a grim refusal when a young lieutenant, named Jefferson Davis, came a-wooing his elder daughter, saying that “a soldier never had a home.” Love, however, laughs at all objections and, ere long, Miss Sarah and her dauntless officer lover had eloped together, word of the runaway marriage being brought back to the irate father. He was exceedingly wroth and declared that “no honorable man would thus defy the wishes of parents, and no truly affectionate daughter be so regardless of duty.”

Indeed, he never saw his first-born child again, as she died very suddenly only a few

months later; nor was he reconciled to Mr. Davis — the man destined in after-time to be the head of the Confederate States — until they met, some years later, in quite a romantic manner on the battlefield, after the victory at Buena Vista, when the feelings of both overcame them, and, falling into each other's arms, they mingled their tears together.

Little Miss Betty was now the only one left to be the comfort of her parents' hearts and the light of the humble home which the Taylors at length made for themselves, out of a tumble-down cottage on the river bank at Baton Rouge. There mother and daughter lived during the wearing suspense which followed every battle of the distant war in Mexico, and thither the General retired when the conflict was over.

But not long were they allowed to enjoy a period of domestic peace. The eyes of the whole country were, ere long, turned upon old Rough and Ready as the rising star, the Baton Rouge cottage became a Mecca for tourists, while Miss Betty sought Bliss with a worthy young major of that name; by which we may conclude that the General had overcome his dis-taste for military sons-in-law.

The nomination and election of her husband was anything but a gratification to Mrs. Taylor.

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She dreaded public life and declared: "It was a plot to deprive her of his society, and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility." Strangely prophetic words these proved, which later she remembered with profound sorrow and bitterness. Very rarely, too, did she appear at any social function at Washington, leaving everything to Elizabeth, who was the real mistress as well as daughter of the White House.

Before long the pleasant-faced girl, still in her teens, had won a host of friends by her genial affability, and even learned to lead the conversation at public receptions, her remarks always being distinguished for good sense and a whimsical humor, while her influence began at last to be felt in political circles as well as social.

Indeed, young Mrs. Bliss is said to have done "the honors of the establishment with the artlessness of a rustic belle and the grace of a duchess." Her married name, however, was completely ignored. She was "Miss Betty Taylor" to old and young, and as "Miss Betty" will ever be handed down in White House annals.

It is to be regretted that her gentle sway was of such short duration. Only a year and a half, and then dawned that fatal Fourth of

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July which was a gala day for the capital, crowds gathering from far and near to witness the laying of the corner stone of the Washington National Monument.

Of course the President and his fair daughter were present, to listen to the oration delivered by General Foote; to see the bag of sand from Kosciusko's tomb and other mementos deposited beneath the great block, and, also, to hear the address of one who had once been a boy in a Presidential family — that of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of the Father of his Country.

The weather was extremely hot, the sun beating down with great intensity. President Taylor was quite affected by it and drank freely of ice water. On returning home, too, he ate heartily of cherries, washing them down with iced milk. An hour after he was taken violently ill and five days later the brave old warrior was no more, his last words being: "I have endeavored to do my duty."

He lay in state in the famous East Room on a magnificent catafalco of black velvet trimmed with white lace; there was a grand military funeral conspicuous in the procession of which appeared "Old Whitey," the General's trusty war horse, with all his trappings on, following

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his master to the grave; and then, Miss Betty accompanied her bereaved mother, with a very sad heart, back into private life. Their sadness was shared, too, by her brother Richard, who, ere this, had been forced by ill health to leave the army and was raising cotton on a Southern plantation.

As misfortunes, also, seldom come singly, the death of President Taylor was soon after followed by that of Major Bliss; and in later years his widow was known as Mrs. Dandridge of Winchester, Va.

CHAPTER XII

CLEVER MARY FILLMORE

“CRADLE him in a sap-trough, sir!
Cradle him in a sap-trough!”

That was the advice given by good old Farmer Fillmore to one who questioned him as to the best manner in which to bring up a boy.

In truth, then, his son Millard was not only cradled in a sap-trough, but at an early age injured to many of the hardships of life. Hence, he was a “self-made man,” in the most popular sense of the word.

It was probably from his mother that Millard Fillmore inherited his fondness for books, although there was very little to foster that taste in the plain farmhouse where the library consisted of the Bible and a hymn book; and his conscientiousness from his worthy father, who was wont to say that his creed was the shortest one in Christendom, and was “Do right.”

It was reading, however, which proved the country lad's "open sesame" to success, as soon as an opportunity offered. Reading it was which transformed the poor clothier's apprentice into a lawyer and set his feet on the first rung of the ladder that was ultimately to lead to the White House, though doubtless it was assisted by a certain "sweet courtesy of manner" which won for him a host of friends.

There was no pleasanter home in all Buffalo than that to which Mr. Fillmore carried his wife and baby boy in 1829, and there, three years later, a little girl was added to the small family.

Named for both father and mother was Master Millard Powers, while the wee daughter was christened Mary Abigail, and soon showed herself such a bright, precocious child that her parents were anxious to give her every advantage in their power.

The excellent public schools of the little lake city afforded a fine foundation for a superior education, but were supplemented by private lessons in the higher branches, modern languages, music, drawing and painting, while she was "finished" by a year at Mrs. Sedgwick's select seminary at Lenox, Mass.

From the Berkshire Hills, then, Mary re-

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turned home a remarkably accomplished young woman, who could chatter in French like a *Parisienne*, was conversant with German and Spanish, a superb musician and with quite a taste for sculpture.

This last she was encouraged in by a much beloved schoolmate, who delighted to dabble in clay, a girl who afterward made a name for herself in her chosen profession — the celebrated Harriet Hosmer.

How rarely proud Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore were of this clever daughter! But still the girl's active mind was not satisfied and, although her father was now Vice-President, she determined to enter the State Normal School and qualify for a teacher. This she did, being graduated in six months and teaching three, as was required. But she had scarcely completed her course before General Taylor's sudden demise put Mr. Fillmore at the head of the nation, and she was whisked off to Washington to try her wings in an entirely new sphere.

Luckily American girls are extremely adaptable, and Mary soon found as much pleasure in society, in public functions and in long, delightful drives through the beautiful country around the capital, as she had in higher mathematics and the regular routine of college life.

CLEVER MARY FILLMORE

Young Millard — now a newly-fledged lawyer — was also with them, having resigned his profession for the nonce, to undertake the duties of private secretary, as so many sons of Presidents have done.

These brainy folk, however, were aghast at the utter dearth of books in the White House. It made the historic mansion seem to them like a body without a soul, and Mr. Fillmore petitioned Congress for an appropriation to remedy the need.

This was granted, and he himself selected the library and had it arranged in a large, cheerful room on the second floor. That, then, became the favorite apartment of the whole house.

There Mrs. Fillmore, who was in mourning and disinclined to general society, gathered her little home comforts around her; there the daughter had her piano, harp and guitar; there they received the informal visits of personal friends, and there the most delightful little musicales were given, with a few chosen spirits to assist and appreciate.

There was an abundance of affectionate, domestic life behind the public one, and Mary was the center of both; for though not a pretty girl, she was extremely vivacious, with a keen

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sense of the ridiculous, and bubbling over with wit and fun. People, too, were always attracted by the goodness, as well as intellect, shining in her straightforward, open countenance.

Most peacefully, then, the thirteenth administration waxed and waned, although the mutterings from the approaching war cloud were already beginning to be heard.

It closed at last, but Mrs. Fillmore only left the White House to enter the "mansion not made by hands," and Mary returned to Buffalo to do her best to fill the place of one of whom her husband said: "For twenty-seven years, my entire married life, I was always greeted with a happy smile."

Bravely she took up the loving task and her painting and sculpture as well, while she bade fair to rival her friend, Miss Hosmer, in the field of art. For being only twenty-one she looked forward to a long and useful future. But it was not to be.

Her grandparents lived seventeen miles distant at Aurora and thither Mary went one hot July day to pay them a little visit. She arrived in the best of spirits and, apparently, in robust health; but, that very night, she was attacked by cholera, then making one of its dread

CLEVER MARY FILLMORE

marches through the land. Hastily, her father and brother were summoned to her side, but she knew them not and passed away in the very flower of her promising young womanhood. A host of sorrowing friends followed this cleverest of all our White House girls to her last green resting-place at Forest Lawn, echoing the words of one of her obituaries:

“BLESSING SHE WAS, GOD MADE HER SO.”

So the home of the two Millard Fillmores was left as lonely and desolate as seemed the great house at Washington to those who were its occupants at this very time.

For, in the White House now dwelt another childless couple, though unlike the Polks, Franklin and Jane Pierce could remember three sunny heads and three bonny boyish faces which they had once called their own. Two died when little more than babes, but the third — a promising lad of thirteen — was instantly killed in a railroad accident on the Boston & Maine Railroad, only two months before his father's inauguration, the life of the President-elect being endangered at the same time.

Franklin Pierce's term of office was called the “beauty administration,” from the many beautiful women who came prominently before

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the public at this time; but in the official residence itself dwelt a very delicate and sorrowful lady, still suffering from the same accident which robbed her of her last son and to both her and the President the vast rooms were ever haunted by wraith-like memories of the children they had "loved long since and lost awhile."

CHAPTER XIII

THE BONNY LASS OF LANCASTER

ABOUT none of our Presidents has such a halo of romance hung as that which surrounded James Buchanan, the fifteenth leader of the nation. Losing by death, while still in early manhood, the one and only love of his life, the chapter of sentiment was closed to him forever and made him a confirmed bachelor, sedate and grave before his time.

His attitude toward all women was that of chivalric courtesy, but his chief affections seem to have been lavished upon the child of a favorite sister, who was, at first, rather a torment and burden, but, as years developed her into a maiden of rare beauty and intelligence, became like a daughter in his home, as well as his dear companion, confidante and friend.

When the four little Lanes of Mercersburg, Penn., were left orphans at an early age, Harriet, the youngest of the quartette, and a bright golden-haired lassie of nine, unhesitatingly

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elected to live with her uncle, James Buchanan, rather than with any other relative.

This was a bit staggering to the dignified gentleman, who was immersed in politics and not particularly fond of children, but, feeling flattered by her preference, finally brought his young niece to the house in Lancaster, where he kept "bachelor's hall," presided over by a trustworthy spinster always known as "Miss Hetty," and who was his housekeeper for forty years. Here she had, too, for company a lively boy cousin, James Buchanan Henry, who, like herself, was fatherless and motherless, and had also found a domicile beneath the good lawyer's roof.

A recent writer has said: "She came into Buchanan's life like a breath of wind from the mountain-side, fresh, sweet, and wild. Buchanan was distraught. His bachelor *habitat* was in confusion. He was a man of theories and ideals. This bit of youthful life that had elected to invade the quiet of his days was a being of impulse, however generous, of exuberant health and spirits."

In fact, he found the harum-scarum little elf something of a problem, though, even then, she delighted him by her truthfulness. "She never told a lie," he once said of her in after-years;

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"she had a soul above deceit or fraud. She was too proud for it."

The first winter spent in Lancaster was not, however, a particularly pleasant one to young Harriet. Being summoned to Washington for the session of Congress, Mr. Buchanan closed his Pennsylvania home and moved his ménage, including Miss Hetty Parker, to the capital; but he left his little ward behind, in the faithful but somewhat stern care of two elderly maiden ladies of very strict principles who were wont to discipline her by means of her healthy appetite and love of sweets. There were occasions when she was obliged to drink her tea without any sugar or go without her dessert for dinner; so it was with rapture she welcomed her uncle on his return; while for months she lived in dread of being again placed in the severe spinster's care.

At the age of twelve, she was sent, with her sister Mary, to a boarding-school, at Charles-town, West Virginia, and, while there, her guardian felt it his duty to write to her every day.

In one letter, after he became Secretary of State under President Polk, he wrote: "My labors are great, but they do not '*way*' me down, as you write the word. Now I would

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say ‘*weigh*,’ but doctors may differ on this point.” Further on, too—“Your friends, . . . often inquire for you. They have given you something of a name here, and Mrs. Polk and Miss Rucker, her niece, have several times urged me to permit you to come and pass some time with them. I have been as deaf as the adder to their request, knowing, to use a word of your grandmother’s, that you are too ‘outsetting’ already. There is a time for all things under the sun, as the wise man says, and your time will yet come.” He was fearful lest the sweet bud of a girl, left in his charge, should blossom out into society too soon; so, during the three years when her education was being completed at the Visitation Convent in Georgetown, she was permitted but one Sunday each month at her uncle’s home on F Street, and he was highly pleased with her later, when, quite voluntarily, she decided to pass a winter quietly among her relatives in Pennsylvania. But every summer Mr. Buchanan took both his nieces to Bedford Springs and there, one season, Miss Harriet, when still in her early teens, met a young Baltimorean fresh from college, who made a deep impression upon her, and one who was to play a prominent part in her life story, although not until long after.

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About the time his niece left school the politician purchased the fine estate of Wheatlands, just outside of Lancaster, and thither the family removed, taking possession of the spacious brick mansion set against a background of woodland and profusely shaded by oaks, elms and larches.

Harriet Lane took a deep interest in the laying out of the grounds, and here it was that she started in on an almost ideal young ladyhood; while her mind was broadened by being her uncle's constant companion, reading aloud and discussing with him the topics of the day. Myriads of distinguished visitors also found their way to Wheatlands, while there were frequent trips to Philadelphia, Pittsburg, New York, Washington and Virginia.

Everywhere flocks of admirers followed in the young belle's train, but she remained wonderfully "fancy free," except for that one little episode at the Springs, and, ere long, Mr. Buchanan being appointed Minister to England, Miss Harriet joined him there, only to find the same marked attention she had received in her own land. Of course the republican maid was presented at court and acquitted herself "as to the manner bred," while all present were impressed by her power and grace, as well as her deep violet eyes, almost perfect mouth and

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wealth of golden-brown hair arranged in the simplest style.

The royal family, also, received the American minister and his fair niece in the social, informal way which is so much more flattering than at a big public function. She writes, in one of her letters home:

"We have dined with the queen. Her invitations are always short, and, as the court is in mourning and as I had no black dress, one day's notice kept me very busy. The queen was most gracious, and talked a great deal to me. Uncle sat upon her right hand, and Prince Albert was talkative, and altogether we passed a charming evening. The Princess Royal came in after dinner, and is simple, unaffected, and very childlike. Her perfect simplicity and sweet manners are charming."

Miss Lane also enjoyed a bit of continental travel, and it was not until the autumn of 1855 that she returned to America — returned to meet her first great grief in the death of her only sister, Mary, on the far-away shores of the Pacific, which was quickly followed by that of a brother, to whom she was tenderly attached.

It was, therefore, with her beauty and spirits somewhat subdued that this lovely girl accompanied the bachelor President to the White

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House, making her first reappearance in public at the inaugural ball, clad in a simple white gown, flower trimmed, and with a necklace of pearls. Now was her opportunity to repay her uncle for some of the kindness showered upon the little orphan of Mercersburg, and gladly she performed every duty, however onerous, although in the seating of guests at state dinners and other ceremonial details, she was much assisted by the President's private secretary, who was the boy cousin with whom she had so often played, James Buchanan Henry.

This administration was a memorable one in many ways, while the President not only received official visits, but entertained hosts of personal friends from home and abroad. Among these last was the Prince of Wales, who was their guest for five days, and who presented his gracious hostess with portraits of all the royal family.

Harriet Lane was now at the zenith of her glorious career, and only one other mistress of the White House has excited so much interest or been so universally popular. The dignified, courtly bachelor-President, with his fascinating niece beside him, was a picture the people loved to look upon and their receptions were always thronged. Her name was a household word

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and streets, vessels, clubs, and even articles of dress were named for her.

But it was an apprehensive régime, for war clouds were now gathering thick and fast.

So we can imagine that it was with almost a sigh of relief that, at the end of four years, Buchanan resigned his proud position, while his journey from Washington to Lancaster was a continuous ovation, and, as he drove up to the door at Wheatlands, the city guards stood drawn up in front of the house and a band joyously played "Home Sweet Home!"

Then ensued the exciting, dreadful years of carnage, during which our bonny lass was, as ever, the ex-President's dear companion in the seclusion now most congenial to him; but, when peace was declared, he could keep her no longer.

Therefore, one January day, in 1866, the big brick house blossomed with flowers and shone with cheery, blazing fires, while carriage-loads of gay folk drove from far and near to see the stately belle give her heart and hand to the young man from Baltimore.

Yes, she of whom it has been said that she received more offers of marriage than any other American woman; she who had not been tempted by foreign titles or unbounded wealth, at last wedded her early love of the dear old

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Bedford Springs days, Henry Elliott Johnston, of whom it need only be said that he was fully worthy to be the husband of Harriet Lane.

You may be sure that the first son born to the happy pair was given the name of him who had been his mother's best "guide, philosopher and friend," and who thus wrote to his ward, regarding this cherished babe:

"I sincerely and ardently pray for your boy long life, happiness and prosperity, and that he may become a wise and a useful man, under the blessing of Providence, in his day and generation. Much will depend on his early and Christian training. Be not too indulgent, nor make him too much of an idol."

This was indited only a few months before the "Sage of Wheatlands" finally succumbed to that enemy which had troubled him for years — the rheumatic gout — leaving the house at Lancaster to his niece, and there she and her little ones passed many summers.

Much that he wished for his young namesake came to pass, for James Buchanan Johnston grew into a youth of rare promise, great loveliness of character and marked intellectual powers.

Long life, however, was not granted him, and he died in his fifteenth year, while his heart-

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broken parents sought distraction amid the orange groves and grape vineyards of Italy, there only to lose Henry — their sole remaining child. Two years later, too, the father followed his boys into the better land.

Since then, widowed and childless, Harriet Lane Johnston has lived chiefly in Washington, the center of a circle of most devoted friends; but verily, there have been shadows, as well as sunshine, in the varied career of the bonny lass of Lancaster.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LINCOLN LADS

JUST one hundred years ago, in a tumble-down, windowless shanty built on a small clearing in what is now Larue county, Kentucky, a red, scrawny, little "man-child" entered upon a rather rough existence in this "vale of tears."

That the Lincolns were "po' whites," no one can deny, for not a plantation negro but had more to eat and wear than they, while the father could neither read nor write his name.

At that period of our commonwealth, too, all manufactured articles were so scarce and so expensive that, like many others, they were forced to use thorns for pins; substitute bits of bone and slices of corn cob for buttons; grind up crusts of rye bread for coffee and drink as tea a decoction made from dried currant leaves.

Who, then, that a few years later saw the tall, long-legged, ungainly son of Thomas Lincoln, running about in bare or moccasined feet

(he never wore shoes until a grown man), clad in deer-skin breeches and leggings, a shirt of homespun cotton or wool, and with his head covered by a coon-skin cap, the tail of which hung down his back, would ever have dreamed that he was destined to become not only the head of the nation, but the pilot of the Ship of State through the most troublous waters it has ever known!

“All that I am or hope to be I owe to my angel mother,” Abraham Lincoln was wont to say in after years, so we must believe that Nancy Hanks Lincoln was a rare woman to have thus left her impress on his young character, at so early an age; since she died before he reached his ninth birthday and shortly after they had all left their “old Kentucky home” to build for themselves a log cabin in the wilds of Indiana. But at that mother’s knee he had learned to read and already absorbed the Bible, “Æsop’s Fables,” and the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” the three books which formed the literary taste of our sixteenth President.

They awakened in him an insatiable thirst for learning, so he would walk miles to borrow a wished-for volume, and as paper was an almost unknown luxury, copy out such passages as struck him, on a smooth shingle, with a piece

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of charcoal. On boards, also, he tried his “ ‘prentice hand” at essay writing and verse making.

Much, too, did he owe to his stepmother, a thrifty, energetic woman who, after a year of motherless desolation, brought cheer and comparative comfort to the home of shiftless Thomas and his little ones — Sarah, Abe, and a young orphan cousin named Dennis Hanks.

Out there in the wild woods, then, chopping rails and lumber, young Abraham cultivated both his mind and muscle, while he grew and grew into a long, lank youth, standing six feet four inches in his moccasins. When, too, at seventeen, he heard the address of a famous lawyer at a murder trial, it aroused his sleeping genius and decided his future career on the spot. From that day on he would “speechify,” as he called it, on all occasions, while the gaping rustics clustered round to listen, and his father grumbled —“When Abe begins to speak, all hands flock to hear him.”

Never had he more than a year of regular schooling in all his life, but Dame Fortune seems ever to crown with her choicest laurels the hard-earned knowledge gained by the light of pine knots, for it is the most thorough a man can possess. So he almost learned his

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Blackstone by heart and, after trying a dozen different trades, was able to "hang out his shingle" and start in to practise law at Springfield, Illinois.

It was in that pleasant little Western city, then, that he henceforth made his home, and there he married a sprightly but most eccentric girl who, from a child, had declared she should some day be the wife of a President. Mary Todd was the daughter of Dr. Todd of Kentucky, but at the time of her marriage with Mr. Lincoln, lived with a sister in Springfield, and there their four boys were born, while unexpected honors crowded thick and fast upon the young husband. The big, homely, but ever kindly backwoodsman had the gift of winning friends and his whimsical jokes and stories were passed from mouth to mouth and laughed over by all classes.

His admirers sent him to the State Legislature and then to Congress. This set his feet in the political pathway, and at the birth of the Republican party in Illinois, he was prime counsellor. His advice was: "Let us in building our new party, make our corner stone the Declaration of Independence. Let us build on this rock and the gates of hell shall not prevail against us."

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Having, years before, had his sympathies stirred by the Slave Market at New Orleans, he now threw himself, heart and soul, into the movement for the freedom of the black man, and, when a successor for the cultured, highly-polished gentleman, James Buchanan, was spoken of, the name of plain, self-taught, honest Abe Lincoln stood out first and foremost. Could extremes have more completely met?

But it is in the home life of "Father Abraham," we are most interested and it was to that home his thoughts at once reverted when privately informed that he was the leader in the race.

His first words were: "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this. I'll go down and tell her." And off he hurried to the two-story frame dwelling, where wife and children were anxiously awaiting the glad tidings.

The four sons of Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln were named Robert, Edward, William and Thomas. Of these Edward died in infancy, but three lived to become illustrious boys of the White House.

Robert Lincoln was considerably older than his younger surviving brothers, and was much away at school in those Springfield days just be-

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fore the war, going first to Phillip's Academy at Exeter and then to Harvard.

But when the committee from the National Convention waited upon Mr. Lincoln to inform him officially of his nomination, they were met in the courtyard by two manly little lads, who welcomed them with a courteous "Good evening, gentlemen."

"Are you Mr. Lincoln's son?" asked Mr. Evarts of New York, addressing the elder.

"Yes sir," replied the youth.

"Then let's shake hands," and all began greeting him so warmly that the jealousy of the younger boy, who was standing by the gatepost, was excited and he sang out: "I'm a Lincoln, too."

At this the delegates laughed heartily and at once saluted the youngest of the family, the one whom honest Abe called "Tadpole," a name that became quickly contracted into "Taddie," and "Tad."

These lads were about ten and eight when their father was elected President of the United States, and they were full of glee at going with him to Washington.

William Wallace has been called "the flower of the family," and he seems to have been a delicate, studious little fellow, with literary

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tastes and peculiarly winning ways. There was, however, a strong spice of his parent's humor in his composition and he was not backward in joining in any fun started by small, mischievous Tad.

He would often sit for hours by his mother's side, poring over a book, and while in the White House he began scribbling some of his boyish thoughts on paper. At length, too, he ventured to send the following little poem to the editor of the "National Republican," who gladly published it:

LINES ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL EDWARD BAKER

"There was no patriot like Baker,
So noble and so true;
He fell as a soldier on the field,
His face to the sky of blue.

His voice is silent in the hall
Which oft his presence graced;
No more he'll hear the loud acclaim
Which rung from place to place.

No squeamish notions filled his breast—
The Union was his theme;
No surrender and no compromise,
His day thought and night's dream.

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His country has her part to play
To'rds those he has left behind;
His widow and his children all
She must always keep in mind."

It was in the White House, too, that he passed away in the height of his happy, promising boyhood, and just when the War of the Rebellion was raging with greatest fierceness. He contracted a severe cold, riding on his little pony in inclement weather; typhoid fever set in, and day by day he grew more white and wan, until at last his gentle spirit fled, and his pretty brown head was laid "under the sod and the dew," while never was lad more truly mourned.

He had been his mother's favorite child, but she gave away everything that could remind her of him, and never again entered the chamber where he died or the Blue Room where he lay in his little casket.

Long afterward, too, President Lincoln, in reading Shakespeare's "King John" to a military friend, closed with Constance's pathetic wail:

"And, Father Cardinal, I have heard that we shall see and know our friends in heaven. If that be true, I shall see my boy again.' "

Then, looking up, he said:

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"Colonel, did you ever dream of a lost friend, and feel that you were holding sweet communion with that friend, and yet have a sad consciousness that it was not a reality? Just so I dream of my boy Willie."

At which, overcome by emotion, he dropped his head on the table and sobbed aloud.

After this bereavement Tad became more than ever his father's pet and ran freely in and out of the public offices, while at the War Department he was made much of by men and officers. He was afflicted with an impediment in his speech, but this only seemed to endear him the more to his parents, and may also have been the reason why he was not sent to school. Apparently, indeed, his education was very much neglected, for he never even learned to read until after leaving Washington.

He was an odd little chap, extremely affectionate, but mischievous as a monkey, and, I fear, sometimes almost as unreasonable.

In an unoccupied apartment of the White House he fitted up a miniature theatre, with stage, curtains, orchestra, stalls and parquette, all complete, and was highly indignant when one day he found it taken possession of by some photographers who had come to take views of the government buildings and wished there to

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develop their plates. He made a great uproar and, locking the door, pocketed the key, leaving all the chemicals inside.

Coaxing and persuasion were of no avail.

"They have no business in my room, and shall not go in, even to get their things," he declared.

At last the President, who was sitting for his picture, heard of the difficulty.

"Tad, go and unlock that door," he commanded mildly.

But my young man refused, marching off to his mother's chamber instead; nor could the photographers continue their work until his father went after him and brought back the desired article. Later, however, Mr. Lincoln remarked:

"Tad is a peculiar child. He was violently excited when I went to him. I said 'Tad, do you know you are making your father a great deal of trouble?' At which he burst into tears, instantly giving me the key."

That his youngest boy was often on the great man's mind is shown by the many times he referred to him in the telegrams and letters to his wife when parted during the summer months.

Thus in August, 1864, he wired — "All rea-

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sonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?"

And again:

"All well, including Tad's pony and the goats."

While a third message read:

"Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him."

On another occasion, too, he wrote to Mrs. Lincoln:

"Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. . . . The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone."

The devotion between the two was deep and sympathetic, and the little lad was always Mr. Lincoln's companion on his trips down the Potomac, and was beside him, clinging to his hand, when, after peace was declared, he made his enthusiastic entry into Richmond. He was a very miserable urchin, though, when the White House stables were burned, and the precious ponies given to him and Willie, as well as the carriage horses, perished in the flames. He threw himself howling upon the floor and refused to be comforted.

Meanwhile, Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest

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son, was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, although he made frequent visits home, and was most anxious to leave college and join the army.

This he eventually did, was given the rank of Captain, and served on Grant's staff until the close of the war. He was a brave youth, of quiet, reserved manners, but lofty soul, who rather scorned the follies of fashionable society and, after his father's tragic death, proved his mother's mainstay and consolation.

When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated the second time, in 1865, it is said that a brilliant star was seen at noonday, which appeared a bright augury of the peace that ere long descended upon the land, and it was a joyful moment for the President when the conflict was finally declared at an end.

On Good Friday morning he said to Captain Bob :

" Well, my son, you have returned safely from the front, and now you must lay aside your uniform and return to college. I wish you to read law for three years, and at the end of that time I hope we will be able to tell whether you will make a lawyer or not."

Turning to his wife, too, he remarked: " We must both be more cheerful in future. Be-

tween the war and the loss of our darling Willie we have been very miserable."

That night the great heart of the loving, considerate parent, the forgiving patriot, was stilled forever by the assassin's bullet, and the whole nation stood aghast.

Robert rose manfully to the occasion, but poor little Tad was almost frantic. For twenty-four hours he crouched at the foot of his mother's bed, a world of agony in his young face, and sobbed inconsolably. But when the Easter sun burst forth in glorious splendor on Sunday morning, it seemed to bring him a ray of comfort. Of a caller he asked:

"Do you think my father has gone to heaven?"

"I have not a doubt of it," was the gentleman's prompt reply.

"Then," he stammered, in his broken way, "I am glad he has gone there; for he never was happy after he came here. This was not a good place for him."

From that moment he was calmer, and was the only one who could quiet Mrs. Lincoln's wild grief, often pattering into her room at night to beg:

"Don't cry, mama! I cannot sleep if you

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cry. Papa was good, and he has gone to heaven. He is happy there."

Five weeks after the assassination the Lincolns left the White House for a modest hotel at Hyde Park, one of the suburbs of Chicago. It was a great change, but "necessity knows no law," and the family of the late President was far from rich. A pension was later granted to Mrs. Lincoln, but with all her troubles what wonder the poor woman's mind gave way, especially when loving little Tad, at eighteen, also went to be, as he once said, "with father and brother Willie in heaven."

So Robert is the only one remaining of all the bright Lincoln lads. He faithfully carried out the President's last wish for him and studied law, but he served as Secretary of War during Mr. Arthur's administration, and has also represented the United States at the Court of St. James. He is a worthy son of a great father and has performed all the duties of his high offices with marked ability.

CHAPTER XV

SOME LITTLE PEOPLE FROM TENNESSEE

A FEW years ago one of the leading periodicals of the day printed the love story of a humble tailor in the little North Carolina town of Laurens. There, the young man delved sedulously at his trade, making, among others, a coat for a prominent lawyer and politician, Henry C. Young, and that garment is still treasured by his descendants, who proudly display it as a work of a President of the United States.

There, too, he met and fell in love with a Miss Sarah Worth. They became engaged and a pretty picture is drawn of the youthful pair working together over a quilting-frame, laying, stuffing and quilting a patchwork spread, while on either end the lover wrought in the letters S. W., the initials of his sweetheart's name.

When, too, he was called away from that part of the country he left with her his "goose"

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— the emblem of his trade — as a parting souvenir.

Misunderstandings arising later, the engagement was broken and the young lady married another; but her granddaughter still retains the clumsy iron with which Tailor Johnson pressed his coats and trousers, and which he presented to her ancestress.

This lady scouts the idea of Andrew Johnson being so illiterate, but the popular story runs that, left fatherless at the age of four, and apprenticed to a tailor when only ten, his education was chiefly picked up from a fellow-workman who taught him the alphabet, until after his marriage with Miss Eliza McCardle, a refined girl of seventeen, who gave him lessons in writing and ciphering, besides reading improving books aloud to him, while he cut out and sewed.

They set up housekeeping in the little mountain town of Greenville, in Tennessee, and, ever ambitious, the young husband took for his motto "Upward and Onward," and, launching into local politics, rose step by step, until he reached the State Senate, represented his district for ten years in Congress, was twice elected Governor of Tennessee, then Vice-President, and finally a

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grievous chance landed him in the White House itself.

Surely, then, no boy, however humble his birth or meagre his advantages, need despair of getting on in the world when he considers the phenomenal career of our seventeenth President.

Up in that plain, little home set on a hill, and within a stone's throw of the tailor-shop, two daughters and three sons were born to the Johnsons and grew up into healthy, hearty girls and boys, early inured to hardships, but given as good educations as the times and the family purse would permit.

Martha, the eldest, is remembered as a plain, quiet little maid of whom it was said "she never had time to play." But that was because she always had some household task to perform and took such almost motherly care of the younger children. They hardly knew how to get on without her when she was sent for three terms to a school at Georgetown, D. C., and while there she often spent her holidays at the Executive Mansion, being the guest of President and Mrs. Polk.

At these times she kept her eyes open and was keenly observant of the people and customs of

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the capital, although she was so shy and distant that all the stately kindness of her hostess could not overcome her painful reserve, and she, herself, would deprecate her awkward conduct in the imposing residence through which the voices of childhood never resounded. Little, then, did the bashful schoolgirl dream she should ever enter those portals as mistress and daughter of the White House. Gladly, too, she returned to her home and some years after wedded Judge David T. Patterson in the most quiet manner possible.

Flaxen-haired Mary, the second girl, was even more diffident than her sister, although she inherited a greater share of the beauty of her mother and grandmother, who had been belles of the county. She was extremely domestic, and at an early age became Mrs. Daniel Stover.

Of the boys, Charlie was the darling of the household, a bright-spirited youth, who studied to be a physician, and when the war broke out, was appointed a surgeon in the First Tennessee Infantry. Robert, too, is said to have been the most popular boy ever raised in that part of the country and that he never made an enemy in his life, while, of course, there was a little Andrew Johnson, Jr., who was but a laddie of twelve when his father became President.

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The gentle mother was always in rather delicate health, so she could never spend but two months with her husband, when he was in Washington attending to his Congressional duties. She greatly preferred her own home and was very happy surrounded by her children and grandchildren, but the War of the Rebellion brought troublous times throughout all the South, and to none more than to the Republicans of Greenville.

Consternation, then, reigned in the Johnson household — from which the husband and father had long been absent — when, one April day in 1862, an order came commanding the entire family to pass beyond the Confederate lines within thirty-six hours.

Even the little folks must have been alarmed, but Mrs. Johnson was too ill to be moved, the state of their affairs was most unsettled, and they knew not where to go. So, though doubtless with fear and trembling, they ventured to disobey, writing to the military authorities for more time, and remained in the old brick home-stead all throughout that dread summer.

But with the coming of September they felt they could delay no longer, and procuring a pass, the mother, with her family and her son-in-law, Mr. Stover, left their native mountains, and,

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after experiencing untold discomforts and dangers, finally reached Nashville, where Mr. Johnson was located as War Governor.

An extract from a diary kept by a citizen of the state capital reads:

“Quite a sensation has been produced by the arrival in Nashville of Governor Johnson’s family, after incurring and escaping numerous perils while making their exodus from East Tennessee. The male members of the family were in danger of being hung on more than one occasion.

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The great joy of the reunion of this long and sorrowfully separated family may be imagined. I will not attempt to describe it. Even the Governor’s Roman firmness was overcome, and he wept tears of thankfulness at this merciful deliverance of his beloved ones from the hands of their unpitying persecutors.”

Many, too, can still remember the happy faces of the grandchildren — little Pattersons and Stovers — as they played about the capital.

Here Mrs. Martha Patterson soon joined them and all were rejoicing over the reunion, when a cruel blow came in the sudden death of “dear Charlie.” The young doctor started out one morning on his professional rounds and, encountering a horse belonging to a brother officer,

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sprang upon its back. He had gone but a short distance, however, when the high-mettled animal reared upon its hind legs and the young man, thrown violently backward upon the frozen ground, was instantly killed, his skull being fractured.

As misfortunes, too, seldom come singly, a few months later Mary's husband was slain in battle, leaving her a trio of little children under ten years of age — two daughters, Sarah and Lillie, and one boy, named for his grandfather.

How gladly the Johnsons welcomed the return of peace no one can know, and they were just preparing to flee back to their mountains when the dastardly shot fired by John Wilkes Booth in the theatre at Washington, struck down the "man of destiny," who had steered the Ship of State into a quiet harbor, and placed the plain tailor of Tennessee at the head of the nation.

Very quietly was Andrew Johnson inaugurated, the same morning that Lincoln passed away, and no bands of music, no cheers and no ceremonial ushered him into the Home of the Presidents.

It was a most difficult position, too, he was called upon to fill. It was hopeless to try and satisfy his party and — a Southern man with

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Northern principles — he just struggled through his term of office, with small satisfaction or success.

Frail Mrs. Johnson shrank with horror from the honor thus thrust upon her; so it was the one who had ever been her “right hand,” her dear eldest child, who stepped in and filled the breach. Diffident Martha Patterson sacrificed her own feelings and, after allowing Mrs. Lincoln five weeks of mourning within the now desolate mansion, appeared with her father at Washington, bringing with her her young son Andrew, and little daughter Belle, to be the children of the White House.

Republican simplicity, too, reigned there, for, as she said to a newspaper correspondent: “We are a plain people, sir, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while.”

Mrs. Mary Stover soon followed her sister and assisted her at all large functions, but she cared far more for their private apartments, where the fast aging mother pursued the “even tenor of her way,” and where her three children and their Patterson cousins made merry together.

So, again, as in the days of Jackson, a bevy

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of gay little Andys overran the old residence. For, clustered about President Andrew Johnson and perpetuating his name, were Andrew Johnson, Jr., his youngest son, a boy just entering his teens, and his grandsons — Andrew Johnson Patterson and Andrew Johnson Stover; all of whom, with their sisters, had very happy and sometimes very boisterous times within the historic walls.

The daily routine of school lessons and music practice was carried on the same as in their country home, but in the evenings games, dancing and innocent fun "sped the hours with flying feet," and it was no uncommon sight to see the President, in smoking-jacket and slippers, assisting the children to roast apples at the open fire, while a generous jug of cider simmered on the hearth.

In warm weather, too, he delighted to bundle all the small fry into a carriage and drive off to Pierce's Mill, Rock Creek, or some other rural spot, and there hold a picnic — the little folk fishing, wading and gathering flowers, while they always returned laden with blossoms and wild wood trophies.

Their mode of living was, perhaps, almost too plain for the ruler of a great nation, but President Johnson was always rather ostenta-

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tious in talking about his plebeian origin and what he owned to the People; and Mrs. Patterson was not ashamed to rise early, skim the milk and attend to the dairy before breakfast; while, doubtless, many of the delicious home-made dishes which graced the table were prepared by her hands.

On all state occasions, however, she ever appeared extremely well and richly dressed and presided with dignity and tact. The Government, too, certainly owed her a vote of thanks for the time and trouble she gave to the refurnishing of the White House.

At the close of the war, the Mansion was in a sadly run-down condition. Soldiers had wandered at will through the suites of rooms, and guards slept upon the sofas. The walls were dingy, the antique furniture soiled and worn. At the first reception it was difficult to make the place presentable. The thread-bare carpets had to be covered with linen, and, as one writer has said: "The apartments were destitute of ornament save two kinds, which are more touchingly beautiful than gems of the East. Natural flowers were in profusion, and left their fragrance, while the little children of the house were living, breathing ornaments, attracting every eye."

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In the spring of 1866, however, Congress made an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars for the re-furnishing of the Presidential Home, and all through the warm months Mrs. Patterson labored, trying to make this sum go as far as possible; selecting the carpets, having the furniture re-upholstered and superintending the decoration of the vast apartments. The exquisite Blue Room was long a proof of her artistic taste.

After this, juvenile parties were quite a feature of the Republican Court, but the very largest of all was one given by Andrew Johnson, himself, to celebrate his sixtieth birthday.

It was a holiday ball, given on December 30, 1868, just after his last Christmas in the White House, and the tiny beaux and belles of the capital were in a flutter of excitement at receiving an invitation from "The President of the United States." Four hundred boys and girls were bidden and you may be sure there were few who failed to make a bow or curtsey to the Head of the Nation, his daughter and grandchildren on the festal night.

This was one of the two occasions when Grandma Johnson made her appearance in public. She sat in a great chair of ebony and satin, beaming upon the blithe young company, and

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when the guests were presented to her, smiled and apologized for not rising by saying: "My dears, I am an invalid."

Many of these little people were pupils at Marini's Dancing Academy, so there were gay waltzes, polkas and lanciers in the big East Room, as well as most wonderful fancy dances.

Pretty Belle Patterson was one of the most graceful dancers, and some of the boys were very expert in the "Highland Fling" and "Sailor's Hornpipe"; but the star performers of the evening were small Miss Keen, a particular friend of the White House girls, and little Miss Gaburri, who gave a Spanish dance, in a Spanish costume, all a-glitter with sequins.

At the end, old and young, big youths and tiny tots, all scampered merrily through a "Virginia reel," and then came the grand march to the dining-room, where a flower-decked and beautifully-ornamented table stood, laden with cakes, creams and confections — the "real party" to the wee folk.

So these "plain people from Tennessee" came to be much beloved by those who knew them best. The servants simply adored them and wept unrestrained, when called to bid them farewell, while a scribe of that period has recorded of the little Pattersons and Stovers:

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"No President ever before had in the White House so many children, or as youthful ones as were the five grandchildren of President Johnson, nor will there ever be a brighter band there."

Too young were the Andrews, Belle, Sarah and Lillie to comprehend the cares resting upon their mothers, or the troubles which beset their grandfather until he only just escaped impeachment. So they were scarcely as pleased as their elders when the Johnson administration drew to a close and they returned to their mountain home. Not long after, Mary—the little Stover's mother—married a Mr. Bacon and they removed to a new domicile in Carter county. It was at her house, too, that the tailor President was stricken with paralysis and "passed on," six months before his wife, who had been in frail health so many years. Indeed, the invalid not only outlived her husband, but her son Robert, as well, until, at last, young Andy Johnson was the sole child remaining with her in the old home nest, 'neath the ragged hilly peaks of East Tennessee.

CHAPTE XVI

THE YOUNG GRANTS

A PHRENOLOGIST had made his appearance in the insignificant little town of Georgetown, in Ohio, and was astonishing the natives by feeling the "bumps" on their craniums and revealing their characteristics.

"You go and be examined, 'Lyssus,'" said old Dr. B—, pushing forward a round-shouldered, freckle-faced, sober little urchin with straight, sandy hair and bright blue eyes.

Before he knew it, then, the boy was in front of the scientific man and his fingers were moving slowly over his scalp.

"This is no very common head," murmured the phrenologist, half to himself. "It is an extraordinary head!"

"Indeed," quoth the doctor.

"And do you think he is ever likely to distinguish himself in mathematics?"

"Yes," was the reply. "In mathematics or

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anything else. It would not be strange if we should see him President of the United States."

At this a roar of laughter arose from the crowd of bystanders.

"'Lyss Grant, the tanner's son, a President!'"

"Useless Grant," as he was dubbed, "in the White House! Ha, ha, ha!"

The idea was absurd!

I think, probably, Hiram Ulysses Grant giggled himself; but, if not a very bright scholar, he was possessed of a certain dogged obstinacy or persistence — what we call "stick-to-it-iveness," which won him out, many a time and oft.

As, for instance, when, at twelve years of age, he beat the men of the town at a job of stone-lifting.

A new building was going up and a huge boulder from White Oak Creek was selected for the doorstep. For hours the workmen tugged and hauled at it, but, at length, concluded it was too heavy to lift and they must give it up.

"Here, let me try," said young 'Lyss, who was driving the ox-team. "If you'll help me, I'll load it."

They jeered at him, but promised their assistance. Then the lad directed the laborers to

prop up one end of the stone. They did so and "chocked" it, after which Ulysses backed the cart over the great rock, slung it underneath the wagon by chains, hoisted up the other end in the same manner, and, at last, drove off with it, in triumph, to the town.

To-day, that very stone is set in the sidewalk at Georgetown and pointed out as the one which General Grant, when a boy, hauled from White Oak Creek.

Young Ulysses was no genius. He was just a healthy, commonplace, everyday lad, loving fishing, swimming and skating far better than his books and hating the work he was called upon to do in the tannery. But he was always good at arithmetic and he could ride and drive a horse better than any youth in all that country round. Indeed, horses were his passion, and he was mighty keen at "horse-trading," making quite a bit of money thereby.

He was not, then, particularly overjoyed when one year on his return from boarding-school for his Christmas holidays, his father informed him that he had applied for an appointment for him to West Point.

Perhaps he hoped he would not get it, but he did. He also easily passed his examination,

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and the following fall found him at the Military Academy on the Hudson.

By some mistake, his appointment was made out to Ulysses Simpson Grant; his classmates nicknamed him "Uncle Sam," and as "Sam Grant" he was known through all his cadet days, while he was U. S. Grant forever after.

He struggled through his four years' course, though without distinguishing himself in any way, unless it was for cavalry tactics and horsemanship — for a famous high jump of his, on a big sorrel, over a bar six feet from the ground, is still marked and shown as "Grant's upon York."

Graduated in June of 1843, he was assigned to the Fourth Regiment of United States Infantry, then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, a few miles from St. Louis, and, what was more important to the fledgeling soldier, near to "Whitehaven," the country home of one of his classmates, and, while visiting there, he lost his heart to this chum's sister, Miss Julia Dent, a bright, sensible girl, full of life and spirits.

The course of true love, however, did not run exactly smooth, as Judge Dent hoped for a more brilliant match for his daughter, and was rather pleased when the poor lieutenant was ordered

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off to frontier duty under General Taylor.

But, hearing that his regiment was to proceed to Mexico, was just the "push" the young man needed to put his fate to the test, and, hurrying off to Whitehaven, he found Miss Julia seated in a small carriage with her brother, just starting for a wedding at some distance off.

Persuading young Dent to ride his horse instead, Grant slipped into his place beside the bonny maiden and, taking the reins, they set off across the rough Missourian roads.

Now it chanced that the river Gravois, which they had to cross, had been much swollen by heavy rains and the frail bridge which spanned it was nearly submerged with a wild and turbid flood.

Miss Julia eyed this in alarm and inquired anxiously—"Are you sure it is all right?"

"Oh yes, it is all right," the lieutenant assured her, in careless man-fashion.

"Well, now, Ulysses," she said, "I am going to cling to you if we go down."

"We won't go down," he replied, and drove straight through the water, with the frightened girl clinging to his arm all the way.

When safe on the other side, she drew a long breath of relief, but the young man was very silent for some time. Then, clearing his throat,

he said: "Julia, you spoke just now of clinging to me no matter what happened. I wonder if you would cling to me all my life."

Her answer we know not, but conclude it was satisfactory, since she was true through a long, five years' engagement, when her soldier lover was away in Mexico, during which time he saved her brother's life and thereby won his *fiancée's* family over to his side.

So, one summer day, there was a merry little wedding in St. Louis, and, a few months after, they went to housekeeping in a tiny, vine-covered cottage, nigh the barracks at Detroit. Their first child, however, was born at White-haven, and christened Frederick Dent.

But an army man has no settled home, and when Lieutenant Grant was ordered to the, then, very far distant territory of California, he decided to leave his wife and baby with his parents, in Ohio, while he crossed the hot, sickly Isthmus of Panama, and, with seven hundred others, made his way to that rough coast, where the Gold Craze was just then at its height and to which crowds of adventurers were flocking to dig for the shining metal.

The chief thing he found to fight was the cholera, which attacked them on the way, and this he met, as he had every enemy, bravely and

cheerfully, taking entire charge of the plague-stricken camp, caring for the sick and burying the dead.

But the three years of inaction which followed near to the Golden Gate wearied him of army life, and, though now a Captain, he resigned and gladly sped back to "the States," and his little family, where there was now another wee laddie to welcome him, born during his absence, and whom his wife had named Ulysses after him. Fine rolly-poly little fellows were both Fred and 'Lyssus, Jr., while, ere long, there came a tiny girl, Nellie, and a baby, Jesse, to complete the Grant quartette.

But as mouths to fill increased the father's fortunes seemed to wane. Erecting a log house on a farm which Judge Dent presented to his daughter, he there fought poverty with plough and axe for several years, while his wife did the work within doors and was her children's sole nurse and teacher. Yet, the young Grants were happy enough, racing over the sixty acres of farmland at "Hardscrabble," as the place was appropriately called, and riding the gray and the bay, their parents' pet team of fine horses.

But, somehow, Captain Grant could not make farming pay, nor did he do much better at the real estate business in St. Louis; so, after a

struggle of six years, the family moved to Galena, in Ohio, where he accepted a position in his brother's leather store. And it was here that his great opportunity came to him.

April the 12th, 1861, the day of the Fall of Sumter, was the turning point in the life of the quiet, downhearted man, who was, however, the most affectionate of fathers. He would not allow his boys to use the smallest sort of swear-word — as he never did himself — but he wanted them to be manly, honest, fearless, self-reliant and true. His eldest son he taught to swim, by simply tossing him into deep water and letting him get himself to shore.

President Lincoln's call for "seventy-five thousand men to help put down this rebellion," was his call to arms, and, being given the command of the Twenty-first Illinois regiment, he was soon off to the war. With him went his boy Fred, and all through the conflict this lad was his father's shadow — lived in his tent, ate at his mess and rode by his side — a volunteer aide-de-camp without pay, at thirteen years of age. Was not that an experience for so young a boy? But Fred Grant curiously resembled his distinguished parent in his persistent steadfastness and afterward that father said:

"My son caused no anxiety either to me or

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to his mother, who was at home. He looked out for himself and was in every battle of the campaign."

Uncomplainingly, too, he met every discomfort and privation, although illness pulled him down from a hundred and ten to sixty-eight pounds.

His heart, undoubtedly, glowed with pride at his father's rapid advancement to the rank of General and of the nickname he won at Fort Donelson, the U. S. then being read "Unconditional Surrender" Grant.

He was with the camp on the eve of that glorious Fourth of July, 1863, when Vicksburg surrendered, and saw the arrival of the flag of truce, and he has given us this description of it, from his youthful point of view:

"The two staffs mingled and talked about all sorts of things and I listened. I remember how I wanted to lie down, for I had a tooth-ache. The first thing I did after the surrender was to have that tooth pulled. My father sat at his little desk. That was all there was in the tent, except his cot and my cot, and the bottom of his was broken and he had to stretch his legs apart when he slept on it to keep him from falling through.

"He began to write very hard and took

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great interest in what he was writing. I lay on the cot with my face in my hands. We were alone and it was toward evening. At last there came an orderly with a despatch. I remember seeing my father open it. He got up and said: ‘We-e-e-ll, I’m glad Vicksburg will surrender to-morrow.’ ”

It did so, and the whole North rejoiced.

Eight months later, too, when Ulysses Grant went to the White House at Washington to meet President Lincoln for the first time and receive from him the commission making him Lieutenant-General of all the Armies of the United States, he took with him his dear little soldier boy, that he might share in his honor and glory. I wonder, too, if Fred did not meet funny little Tad Lincoln on that occasion, and if the two lads did not compare notes together.

Meanwhile, during these anxious days, little Nellie Grant and the two younger boys were with their mother and grandparents, sometimes in Missouri and sometimes in Ohio, and no one in all the country rejoiced more than they when at length the “cruel war was over,” and papa and Fred came “marching home again.”

Schools for them, then, had to be thought of, and it is said that General Grant escaped the same fate as Abraham Lincoln by going on a

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flying visit to his pet girl, at her Seminary, in Burlington, N. J., instead of accompanying the Presidential party to Ford's Theatre on that dire Good Friday night, as had been expected.

A few years later, too, when the old phrenologist's prediction was fulfilled and he was made President of the United States, this only daughter, then just in her "teens," stood by his side holding his hand while he read his inaugural address, and nearby sat his trio of brave boys as well as the little woman who, true to her girlish word, "clung to him" through all the ups and downs of his varied career.

Now, on the very crest of the wave of good fortune, they took possession of the Nation's Homestead and a very happy household it was, Mrs. Grant delighting in having old friends and relatives with her and giving them a right royal time. The first three years were, comparatively, quiet ones, Nellie and Ulysses being at school and Fred a cadet at West Point, but Jesse might often be seen riding the General's little black war horse "Jeff Davis."

The family was surprised, too, one evening to have this same frisky beast come scampering home without his rider. They may have been alarmed, but shortly the boy appeared on foot and covered with dust.

"Why, Jesse!" exclaimed his father, "where is Jeff Davis?"

"I don't know," replied the lad somewhat angrily. "He threw me out there in the dirt and put off for home."

At which the President laughed heartily.

Midsummer generally found all the family reunited at Long Branch, while the close of President Grant's first term and the commencement of his second were extremely festive times at the Executive Mansion.

Nellie returned home a full-fledged young lady, and Lieutenant Fred, fresh from the Military Academy, was there to be her companion and escort. Her particular chum was Miss Annie Barnes, the daughter of a Surgeon-General in the Army, who lived opposite the White House, and she frequently came for dinner or to spend the night, when they would chatter like magpies and enjoy an exchange of girlish confidences. The social whirl, of course, spun them into a perfect vortex of gaiety, which reached its climax in the grand functions at the "American Court," while, one summer, the children were all treated to a trip abroad. There, too, Miss Grant received most distinguished attention, both in England and elsewhere.

It was at this time, also, that she met her

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“fate,” and a pretty little love affair which began on the *Russia*, culminated, eighteen months later in the great East Room, when the pleasant-faced maiden of nineteen became the seventh White House bride. The groom of twenty-three was Mr. Algernon Sartoris, a young Englishman from Hampshire, and a nephew of the famous actress, Fannie Kemble.

It was the most brilliant affair Washington had ever known — a real Army and Navy wedding — but I fancy the President must have gone through it all with a heavy heart, since it took away “the sole daughter of his hearth and home” to a foreign land, and father, mother and brothers all accompanied the bridal pair to New York — the port from which they sailed — to bid her “God-speed.”

That Nellie was sadly missed, goes without saying, and her absence made a fearful gap in the family circle. It was partially filled, though, the following autumn, when Fred brought another blithe young girl, one of French extraction, to be a daughter to the President and his faithful wife.

One of my own youthful reminiscences is of a visit I once paid to the City of Chicago, and of a very grand wedding which took place on the same block where I was staying. A lady

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of our household was one of the guests and was eloquent over the grandeur of the affair and of the richness of the gold plate on which the marriage feast was served, while a little girl friend persuaded me to walk up and down before the tall marble-front house fronting on Lake Michigan, to catch glimpses of the lighted interior and the throngs of gaily dressed people who came and went. This was the marriage of Miss Honoré to Mr. Potter Palmer, a millionaire of the Phœnix City, and it was not very long after that a younger sister of that night's bride — dainty, vivacious Ida Honoré, had a similar wedding and gave her heart and hand to young Lieutenant Grant.

So the winter after Nellie sailed away was not such a doleful one as had been feared, while before the close of the administration a wee girl bairnie was born in the Mansion and christened in the artistic Blue Room, "Julia Dent."

This small maid completed the first octave of White House babies, but she did not live long at the Capital, and at her home in New York, was brought up by her French mother in an extremely careful and "womanly" way, Mrs. Fred Grant having no sympathy, whatever, with the "advanced" ideas for girls.

Happily and harmoniously, then, the Grant

régime ebbed to its close, and, when free from office, the General carried out a cherished wish of his life, and, with his wife and his youngest boy, Jesse, set forth, by steamer, "far countries for to see."

Nellie, and Nellie's home in England was, of course, the first point to which they hastened, but, after a visit there started on a grand tour around the world. Everywhere honors were showered upon them, and I venture to say no American youth ever saw foreign lands under such delightful conditions as did Jesse Grant. Treated like a prince, he was often the guest of royal personages, among them the boy King of Spain and the young Mikado of Japan, and, with his father, he studied the customs and wonders of the great mysterious East. He saw the Parsee sun worshippers of the Tower of Silence; he rode on an elephant to the sacred Ganges, and swung through the streets of Canton in a latticed bamboo chair. He climbed mountains, and sailed rivers; he touched "India's coral strand," and I am sure he must have been among that crowd of spectators which gathered about the Yamen — the palace of the Viceroy of China — when that dignitary's wife entertained his mother and the American ladies of their party at dinner. Doors were wide open

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so all could peer in and, if there, how he must have laughed at the Chinese Punch and Judy show; and, perhaps, admired the graceful nods and gestures of the Viceroy's daughter, a maiden of sixteen, gaily costumed in a bright pink satin jacket and green satin trousers, elaborately embroidered with gold thread.

It was a marvelous journey and it was a pity Ulysses, Jr., could not have shared it, also. But the second son was early on hand to welcome them when they returned to their native land by way of the Golden Gate.

At sixty years of age the General felt he had earned a rest, and, being "healthy, wealthy and wise," settled down to smoke his ever-present cigar, in a comfortable home in East Sixty-sixth Street, New York, with his children and grandchildren around him, for now Nellie had two fresh-faced little English daughters to bring over to visit Grandpa and Grandma Grant. His money was largely invested in a banking business, of which one of his sons was a partner, and all looked well for a happy and peaceful old age.

Never were prospects brighter than on Christmas Eve, 1883, when all were planning a merry Yule for the little folks. But, that very night, he slipped on the ice and injured a muscle so

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badly that he was confined within doors for weeks and was never a well man from that time.

Most readers, too, know how, the following year, the failure of the banking firm swept away his fortune, leaving him and his family ruined, while the shadow of a slur cast for a brief season upon his good name broke the ex-President down as nothing else could.

It was a terrible blow to the man of honor, as well as of deeds, but looking into the saddened faces of his wife and children he rallied, and, although soon after attacked by a cruel and incurable disease of the throat, bravely set to work to write the story of his life, that he might leave something for the support of his loved ones.

An old proverb declares: "The pen is mightier than the sword," and it was certainly true in this case, for never did this hero of many battles fight a more valiant conflict than when he held Death at bay while he completed the book which was to place his family beyond the danger of want.

Now it was that the White House girl, Julia Dent, was his "little comfort," and she went with him when in the summer of 1885 they took him from the hot city to a cozy cottage on

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Mount McGregor, near Saratoga. There, in pain and anguish, he finished his "Memoirs," while one of the last acts of his life was the signing of a petition to some future President (whomever he might be), requesting an appointment to West Point for his little curly-headed grandson, then in kilts, the child of his dear boy Fred. These two deeds accomplished, the tired hand dropped limply and, a few days later, the weary brain was at rest.

Wife and children wept beside him, but the small granddaughter, with a young friend, crept outside and gathering oak leaves twined them into a garland. This she carried to her father, saying:

"See, papa, Josie and I have made this for grandpa, and won't you please give it to him."

Of all the magnificent floral offerings, then, which were sent to the hero-President, that simple wreath of oak leaves was the only one borne on the casket to the gray tomb beside the softly flowing Hudson.

An elaborate and massive mausoleum has long since replaced the plain stone pile that originally marked the old General's last resting place and his wife now sleeps beside him.

When left a widow, Nellie returned to Amer-

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ica with her children; and his sons are all an honor to his name, while the Grant baby of the White House, Julia Dent, some years ago wedded a Russian of noble birth and makes her home beyond the seas, as a subject of the Czar.

CHAPTER XVII

A "BUCKEYE" FAMILY

IF Virginia proudly claims the title of "Mother of Presidents," Ohio might as justly be termed "The Father of Rulers," and particularly that portion of it known as the "Western Reserve." Virginia's sons represented the "Old School" American, the man of powdered hair, small clothes and courtly manners; while our Presidents from the Middle West have been wide-awake, self-made men, true products of vigorous, progressive Young America.

The silent Grant was a native of Ohio, and so was Hayes. Yet, Rutherford B. Hayes was vastly proud of his Scotch ancestry, since he bore the name of two famous Highland chiefs, Hayes and Rutherford, who fought side by side with William Wallace and Robert Bruce.

His family having moved in covered wagons out into the so-called "Wilderness," from New England, he was born there, a few months

after his father's death, and was such a tiny babe, with so big a head, that when the neighbors came to look at him, they whispered to one another, "What a mercy it would be if that child were to die."

But little Ruddy, as they called him, lived and thrived, through at first, in rather a sickly manner, to become the comfort of his sole parent's heart — especially after the sad drowning of an elder boy — and the dearest comrade of an only sister, who was two years his senior.

Mrs. Hayes was in comfortable, if moderate, circumstances, having a two-story brick house in Delaware and deriving her income from a farm without the town. So Fanny and Ruddy were early sent to a district school, where they had for a teacher a thin, wiry little Yankee of terrible presence, if good enough heart. He would flog the boys within "an inch of their lives"; at the same time threatening to throw them through the schoolhouse walls and make them "dance like parched peas." The Hayes children stood fearfully in awe of him and I fancy they learned more from their private readings than from Daniel Granger's instruction. We hear of them, then, at the age of ten and twelve, pouring over Hume and Smollett together; try-

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ing to interpret Shakespeare, and even dramatizing Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

But it was not all work and no play, for frequent and delightful were the visits the brother and sister paid to the "Farm," in the maple sugar season; when cherries were ripe; at cider-making, and when Jack Frost opened the burrs on the walnut and hickory trees and brought the brown nuts showering down.

At fourteen, however, young Rutherford had developed such bookish tendencies, that a kind bachelor uncle, Mr. Sardis Birchard, stepped forward and offered to help his nephew to a liberal education. His offer was gladly accepted, and, after a few years at preparatory schools, he entered Kenyon College at Gambier, from which he was graduated valedictorian of his class and was long remembered with affection. As one of his college mates said:

" Hayes had left a memory which was a fascination, a glowing memory. He was popular, magnanimous, manly; was a noble, chivalrous fellow of great promise."

Following this up with a course at the Cambridge law school, he was, in the course of time, able to practise his chosen profession, first at Fremont and then in Cincinnati.

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It was during his college days, too, that he wrote out these resolutions:

“ 1st. I will read no newspapers.

“ 2nd. I will rise at seven and retire at ten.

“ 3d. I will study law six hours, German two, and chemistry two.

“ 4th. In reading Blackstone, I will record my difficulties.”

And, it is probable, he carried them out, with the steadfastness of a strong character.

Many years before this, when a mere lad, Rutherford paid a visit at Chillicothe and there met a pretty little girl of some eight or ten summers, the daughter of a Dr. Webb of that place. He found her interesting, but they never saw each other again until, one vacation, the budding lawyer and a young under-graduate from the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati chanced to meet at Delaware Sulphur Springs. Then, in bright, gray-eyed Lucy Ware Webb, he recognized the little maid of Chillicothe, and they became excellent friends, while, on his return to the city, at the close of his holiday, he wrote to an acquaintance: “ My friend Jones has introduced me to many of our city belles, but I do not see anyone who makes me forget the natural gaiety and attractiveness of Miss Lucy.”

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From that time on, then, he became a frequent visitor at the Friday evening receptions held in the college parlors, and, two years later, the "sweet girl graduate" became his wife.

They were married by Professor L. D. McCabe, the president of the bride's *alma mater*, their only attendant being a pretty child of eight years, the daughter of Mr. Hayes' dear sister Fanny, who was now Mrs. William Platt.

It was a true love-match and soon a bunch of babies filled the pleasant little home almost to overflowing, although two were snatched away in infancy.

Of course the eldest boy was given the family name of Birchard, it being that of the generous uncle who had been Mr. Hayes' good genius in his youth, and who, later, made him his heir, leaving him all his property at Fremont; while small Webb and Rutherford, Jr., were so called in honor of their mother and father. They were happy, whole-souled little fellows, and were still quite small shavers when the war broke out and their papa — now Major Hayes — went marching away at the head of a regiment of Ohio volunteers.

Those were hard days for both mother and children, especially when word came that their gallant soldier was wounded, which he was four

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times, while a horse was shot under him in the fight at Cedar Creek, when "Sheridan was twenty miles away." But that battle promoted him from a Colonel to a Brigadier-General.

There was, however, one bright spot in those years of carnage, and that was the autumn of 1862, when the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers went into winter quarters in West Virginia, near the falls of the Great Kanawha, and the Colonel's wife, with three of her boys (there were now four living sons), went down to visit him. Other ladies joined their husbands in camp and it proved a right jolly season, the little Hayes, as well as their elders, having plenty of riding, fishing, boating and pleasure excursions of every sort. They became, veritably, the "children of the regiment," being petted and made much of by the soldiers, while they often accompanied their mother on her morning round through the hospital, where she came like a ministering angel, bringing aid and comfort to the sick and wounded.

The men adored her and one thus wrote of that memorable winter:

"Into our midst, sitting at our camp fire, putting new heart into many a homesick boy, banishing the fever from many a bronzed cheek with her gentle touch, came this fair lady

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and her boys. We named our camp in her honor, 'Camp Lucy Hayes,' and not a man in all those thousands but would have risked his life for her."

The visit to the encampment was repeated the following summer, but proved a far sadder one, as then the youngest boy — the baby — sickened and died within the sound of the Great Kanawha.

All those rough soldiers mourned with the "Mother of Our's," and the little brothers who were left, and none, perhaps, more than one beardless boy-sergeant of sixteen or seventeen, who was devoted to his Colonel. Mr. Hayes, likewise, was strangely attracted by this sober-faced but keen-witted lad, so much so that he had him placed on his staff, and, afterward, said: "I did literally and in fact know him like a book, and loved him like a brother."

It was a beautiful friendship, and more so, in the light of later events, since the kindly Colonel was destined to be the nineteenth President of the United States, and the soldier-boy — little William McKinley — the twenty-fifth.

The war over, honors showered thick and fast upon General Hayes, he being twice made Congressman, and thrice Governor of his native State; so his boys saw much of public life,

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before going to Cornell, where most of them were graduated. Their house, too, was a regular soldiers' home, all who had served with their father being welcome to come at all hours and sit at their board. It is said few imposed upon this hospitality, but once, a pseudo-soldier, dubbed by the children the "Veteran," having served just two days and a half in the army, remained double the term of his military career, beneath the Governor's roof.

He evidently found the rations at that camp particularly to his taste.

One September day, too, to the joy of all, a wee girlie made her advent into the household, and was named for the aunt, who was now only a charming memory — the Fanny Hayes of the old Delaware days.

Mrs. Platt died in early womanhood, but Mr. Hayes paid her this beautiful tribute. "She loved me," he said, "as an only sister loves a brother whom she imagines almost perfect; and I loved her as an only brother loves a sister who is perfect. Let me be just and truthful, wise and pure and good for her sake. How often I think of her! I read of the death of any one worthy of love and she is in my thoughts. I see — but all things high and holy remind me of her."

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Perhaps Fanny Hayes the Second had somewhat the same feeling for small Scott Russell, the baby boy who, three or four years later, completed this "Buckeye" family.

And these two, aged ten and seven, were the "children of the White House" when Mr. Hayes was made President; while Webb acted as his father's confidential secretary, as Birchard was now a practising lawyer and Rutherford, Jr., away at school.

"General, if I had a slipper, I'd throw it after you," Mr. Hayes called out, laughingly, to ex-President and Mrs. Grant, as they drove away after the inauguration — an inauguration which had been a very joyous occasion to the wife and little ones, and it is thus that Mary Clemmer, a well-known literary woman of Washington, then wrote of the new mistress of the Executive Mansion:

"Meanwhile, on this man of whom every one in the nation is this moment thinking, a fair woman, between two little children, looks down. She has a singularly gentle and winning face. It looks out from the bands of smooth, dark hair with that tender light in the eyes which we have come to associate with the Madonna. I have never seen such a face reign in the White House. I wonder what the world of Vanity

Fair will do with it! Will it friz that hair? Powder that face? Draw those sweet, fine lines awry with pride? Bare those shoulders? Shorten those sleeves? Hide John Wesley's discipline out of sight, as it poses and minces before the first lady of the land? What will she do with it, this woman of the hearth and home? . . . The Lord in heaven knows. All I know is that Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are the finest-looking type of man and woman that I have seen take up their abode in the White House."

A month later, Mrs. Hayes held her first Saturday afternoon reception, looking like a picture in a princesse gown of black silk, the plainness of which was relieved by exquisite point-lace; her mobile countenance radiant with delight and her eyes shining like stars.

By her side was little Miss Fanny, in a simple frock of white muslin, pink sash and pink boots, her short hair brushed back from her bright, intelligent face, and very well she assumed her part, with natural, childlike grace.

When, too, most of the guests had drifted away, leaving only a few friends, she consented to sing for a gentleman present, a song which he must "be sure and remember for his little girl at home. Then, seating herself at the grand piano in the Red Room and removing her tiny

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white gloves, she played and sang this old nursery ditty:

"Once there was a little kitty
Whiter than snow,
In the barn she used to frolic,
A long time ago.

And there was a little mousey,
Running to and fro.
And the kitty spied the mousey,
A long time ago.

Two soft paws had little kitty,
Softer than dough.
And they caught the little mousey,
A long time ago.

Nine sharp teeth had little kitty
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousey,
A long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousey,
The little mouse said 'Oh!'
But she got away from kitty,
A long time ago."

"Now you remember it," she lisped, as she kissed her friend "good night."

Small Scott was a mischievous elf, up to many

a prank, but he was so kind-hearted, withal, that he could not bear to shoot even a squirrel. He dearly loved, though, a romp with "father," for, no matter how much immersed in affairs of state, Mr. Hayes generally found some time each day for a chat or game with his younger children.

A devout Methodist and strict temperance woman, Mrs. Hayes came to Washington determined not to offer wine to guests at the Executive Mansion. This created quite a furore, becoming, I believe, even a Cabinet question. For a year, she was a target for all sorts of spiteful arrows, being even stigmatized as "Lemonade Lucy"; but, true to her principles and upheld by her husband, she stuck to her colors, and finally, with sweet patience and tact, conquered Mrs. Grundy, on her own ground, and won for herself the respect of all the nation.

On only one occasion, then, was wine seen on the White House table during this administration, and that was at a dinner given to the Grand Duke Alexis, when Secretary Evarts was really the official host.

Most hospitable, though, was this good woman, and dearly did she love to fill the big mansion with young girls, once giving an elab-

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orate luncheon to fifty of them, in honor of eight maiden guests; as well as fancy dress balls and other social affairs.

One of these youthful visitors, who spent several months with the Hayes family, was a Cincinnati girl of "sweet sixteen," and so delightful did she find her sojourn under the national roof, that on her return home, she confided to her bosom friends that it was her intention only to marry "a man destined to be President of the United States."

Curiously enough, too, like Mrs. Lincoln, she carried out her purpose, for Mrs. Hayes' enthusiastic guest was Helen Herron, who, as Mrs. William Taft, on the fourth of March last, became the "first lady of the land."

The picture, though, which stands out brightest on this page of domestic White House history, is the last day but one of the year 1877.

The boys were all at home for the Christmas holidays, and, in the pretty Blue Room, the President and his gracious helpmeet celebrated their silver wedding, she appearing in the self-same quaint gown and white satin slippers — cream-laid with age — which had been worn by the bride of twenty-five years before. The company was, as far as possible, the same who attended the wedding in 1852; Mrs. Mitchell,

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the President's niece, and she who, as a tiny girl had been the little bridesmaid of the first ceremony, stood beside them; and there, surrounded by their children and dear and tried friends, they again received the pastoral blessing of the Rev. Dr. McCabe, who had married them so many years ago.

This was followed by the christening of an infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herron, who was given the name of Lucy Webb; while afterward little Fanny and Scott Russell were baptized, and all concluded with a sumptuous dinner.

The President had sternly set his face against receiving any gifts on this occasion, but one to Mrs. Hayes could not be declined. It came from the officers of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry and consisted of a silver plate imbedded in a mat of black velvet and enclosed in a rich ebony frame.

It was sent "To the Mother of the Regiment," and on the plate appeared a sketch of the log hut that was Colonel Hayes' headquarters in the valley of the Kanawha, surmounted by tattered and torn battle flags, while below was this inscription:

"To Thee, 'Mother of Ours,' from the
23rd O. V. I. To Thee, our Mother, on thy

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silver troth, we bring this token of our love. The boys give greeting unto thee with burning hearts. Take the hoarded treasures of thy speech, kind words, gentle when a gentle word was worth the surgery of an hundred schools to heal sick thought and make our bruises whole. Take it, our Mother; 'tis but some small part of thy rare beauty we give back to thee, and while love speaks in silver, from our hearts we'll bribe Old Father Time to spare his gift."

Do you not think her sons, when they read these glowing words, must have felt prouder than ever of the noble woman they, too, called "mother"?

Another pleasant event was the coming of age of young Webb, which was appropriately celebrated at the White House.

So, the closing months of this régime were marked by much cordiality and national good feeling, while Mrs. Hayes, with her band of bright children, left the mansion most highly honored by her own sex. Indeed, her portrait, a beautiful life-size painting by Huntington, was presented to the United States by the temperance people, who felt that her course deserved some marked tribute.

On the way back to Ohio, they were in quite a serious railroad accident, when two people

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were killed, but fortunately all the ex-President's party escaped unhurt, and they were enthusiastically welcomed back to Fremont, with music, banners and speeches.

At "Spiegel Grove," then, the beautiful house standing in the centre of thirty acres of woodland, which had been built by "Uncle Sardis," and bequeathed to Mr. Hayes, they took up the threads of private life again, and Fanny was sent away to school at Farmington, Connecticut.

She had, however, returned home to enjoy a blithe young ladyhood ere the mother of the family was called up higher, and it was in the pleasant brick residence at Fremont she was married to Harry Eaton Smith, then an ensign in the U. S. Navy, but now an instructor at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, where she lives most of the year and has one little son of her own.

Ex-President Hayes survived his wife a few years, but when stricken with heart trouble, while visiting his boy Webb, at Cleveland, immediately exclaimed: "I want to go home. I would rather die in Spiegel Grove than live anywhere else."

He had his wish, and in that loved spot

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passed away, his last words being: "I know I am going where Lucy is."

To-day, Birchard Austin, practising his profession at Toledo, Ohio; Rutherford Platt, in business in North Carolina, and Scott Russell, in New York, are all worthy sons of their illustrious parents, while Webb is the one Hayes boy who still makes his home at the old place at Spiegel Grove.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GARFIELD CHILDREN

“**E**LIZA, I have planted four saplings in these woods. I leave them to your care.”

These were the dying words of poor Abram Garfield, as he pointed to the quartette of young children he was about to leave. Then, with one long, lingering look over his little farm and calling his oxen by name, he fell back unconscious, and, two days later, was laid to rest in a corner of his own wheat field, way out in the “wilderness” of Western Ohio.

Thus left unprotected, with two small girls, a boy of seven and a baby of eighteen months, the widow’s one idea was to keep the family together and the roof of the rude log cabin over their heads.

With this end in view, then, she toiled from sunrise to sunset, not only performing her household tasks, but gathering in the hay, plant-

ing and reaping corn and clearing new land and fencing it in; with little assistance except that rendered by small Mehitable, Thomas and Mary.

In fruit season they reveled in berries and home-grown cherries, apples and plums, but at other times there was cornmeal pudding or porridge for breakfast, dinner and supper, while if the meal ran low in the chest, they often went to bed hungry.

Still the young "saplings" thrived and flourished and little fair, blue-eyed James Abram, the youngest, seems to have been the pet and joy of the humble household and learned to read and spell at such an early age, he was sent to the district school the summer after he was four years old. When cold weather set in, however, and the snow fell, he had to stay at home, because he had no shoes and there was no money to buy them.

Then, ten-year-old Thomas stepped to the front. "I will go out to work this winter, mother," he said.

So he hired himself to a farmer and went away, the bitterest parting being from the little brother whom he loved like his own life.

Fourteen hours a day brave young Tommy

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labored, and, at last, one Saturday night returned home in triumph, bringing six dollars and a half — the wages he had earned.

"You may have it all, mother," he cried, "only buy Jimmy a pair of shoes so that he can go to school."

So it was plain, steady Thomas Garfield who first set the feet of our twentieth President in the rugged path leading up the "hill of knowledge," and here it should also be recorded that he was ever the most devoted of brothers, refusing to marry until James' education was finished.

Supplied with shoes "Baby" Garfield then became once more a pupil at the schoolhouse erected on a portion of his mother's farm, and a most uneasy scholar he proved, pestering the teacher nearly out of her wits in her efforts to keep him still. At length, she complained to his mother, and Master Jimmy had such a heartrending "talking-to," he went the next day determined to "sit as still as ever he could." He must, too, have succeeded pretty well, since at the close of his first term, he was given a New Testament for being the best boy in the school.

It was, probably, studying this volume which made him so familiar with the Scriptures in

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after-years. But he also read every other book he could lay his hands on, and a certain Cousin Harriet and himself were so fascinated with a collection of lurid sea-tales, entitled "The Pirates' Own Book," that he became inspired with a wild desire to be a sailor and "sail the ocean blue."

The nearest he ever came to this, however, was working on the "raging canal," being engaged by another cousin to drive horses on the towpath, for ten dollar a month and his board.

But before this, "Jim Gaffield," as he was called on the Western Reserve, had proved no laggard on the farm, but had dug and hoed and chopped wood like a Trojan, besides being quite a good carpenter; while, when a narrow escape from drowning sent him back home, and a severe attack of "ague" kept him in his mother's care for some months, she prevailed upon him to return to his studies and fit himself for a teacher. For Mother Garfield always had faith in her baby boy's cleverness, and longed to see him rise in the world.

At seventeen, then, James started out to fairly "scrabble" for an education, working his way through the Geauga Seminary at Chester; then through a newly organized institution of learning at Hiram, and finally reached Wil-

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liams College, which he entered in the junior year.

In his vacation he generally taught school, and one winter holiday saw him giving writing lessons at North Pownal, Vermont. There he heard a good deal about another young college student from New York who, the year previous, had been the master of the school where he held his classes. Never, though, could he have dreamed of the way he was to meet and know that man a quarter of a century later, nor how intimately their life lines were to mingle, for that Vermont teacher was Chester A. Arthur.

While at Chester he had joined the Church of the Disciples, or Campbellites, being baptized in a little stream flowing into the Chagrin River, and, all through his college course he took an active part in prayer meetings and religious gatherings, while he frequently traveled about the country as an "exhorter," preaching and lecturing wherever he found an opportunity.

At that time, too, another and much younger scholar at the Geauga Seminary, was a sweet-faced little girl from Maryland who, becoming well acquainted with James Garfield, imbibed from him a taste for books, and when, later, he filled for a time the place of a tutor at

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Hiram College, this same studious Lucretia Rudolph came into his classroom and was his pupil in Latin for two years.

But he taught her something else besides a dead language, and that was the very living language of love; so, before the young man went to Williams, they were engaged to be married.

As their betrothal promised to be a long one, she took up teaching, as well as he, and long after, a leading citizen of Bayou, Ohio, recalled this picture of the youthful pair as they then appeared:

"Twenty-three years ago Mrs. Garfield sought and taught scholars in painting and drawing in this then very insignificant village, and not getting very large classes, living meantime in my house, the guest and friend of my then wife. The future President was frequently entertained at my table; he, a young, strong, green, great-hearted, large-headed youth, but two years from college, hopeful, full of life and push. She, graceful, sweet, amiable, retiring, with a disposition as lovely as a starlit sky — both poor. Their fortune was their youth, health, hearts, intellects, hopes, and, glad am I to say, love."

At this period James was, again, a teacher

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in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, which was founded by the "Disciples," and when made President of this very college where he had formerly swept the floors, built the fires and rung the bell, he and Miss Rudolph were married.

Still, Garfield's ambitions were for a wider career, so, like Hayes, he studied law and also, like him, responded to the first call to arms, serving in the war for three years, where he was known as the "preacher soldier," while he only left the field of conflict to enter Congress.

Before this, however, a wee girl baby had been born to the young couple and their first sorrow was the loss of this infant.

It was right after the battle of Chickamauga, where the father won his Major-General stars, that he heard the sad news and hurried home to console his wife. He was photographed holding his little daughter pressed to his breast, and, afterward, speaking to a friend of this circumstance, said:

"As I sat with that dead child in my arms my eyes rested upon my bright blue uniform, so recently bestowed upon me, and I thought: 'How small are all the honors of this life — how insignificant are all its struggles and triumphs!' I am grieved and broken in spirit at

the great loss which has been inflicted upon me, but I can endure almost anything, so long as this brave little woman is left to me."

As a Congressman, he was richer than ever before, and then was purchased "Lawnfield," the stock farm near Mentor, which has now become historic ground and where a gay flock of little folk was soon growing up and being early instructed by their gentle, but brainy, mother, who was still no mean Greek and Latin scholar, and quite able to fit her boys for college.

There was Harry Augustus, a tall, well-built young fellow, with a taste for painting, poetry and music. He wielded the brush with considerable cleverness, besides spending hours at the piano, and it was his sweet voice which soared highest when they sang General Garfield's favorite hymn—"Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest."

A decided contrast to his brother was James Rudolph, with his fair hair, sturdy build and devotion to outdoor sports. He was, too, a leader in his classes when both lads were sent to St. Paul's School at Concord, N. H., although it was Harry who won the prize for the best English declamation.

Next came Mary or "Mollie," as everybody

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called her, a rosy-cheeked girl, with eyes "overrunning with laughter"; while shrewd, keen-witted Irvin McDowell and little Abram—named for his pioneer grandfather—formed a regular "team" of young athletes and were prime movers in all boyish games. These last were small chaps in knickerbockers when their father was elected President, but before that, had spent many winters in Washington.

The family circle was completed by "Grandma Garfield," who now made her home with her youngest and best-loved child, enjoying a peaceful and honored old age.

It was at Lawnfield that General Garfield spent his happiest days, when, free from state duties, he could ride over his farm and work in the hay-field with his sons. He was always interested in his children's studies, but remembering his own early struggles once remarked to a gentleman who interviewed him after his nomination:

"Tell me, now, do you think we can raise men for high positions? There are my boys; I am educating them carefully, but I can't tell if they will ever be heard of, and I question it.

. . . Won't it happen that some poor and obscure little fellow, who has to scratch for every inch, will run ahead of them and come

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to the front, while they will pass away unknown to fame?"

"That is nearly always the case," said the visitor.

"So it is; and it makes me wonder if tender rearing of boys, and giving them an elaborate education, is so much of a benefit to them, after all."

This is a pleasant family picture and it is sad to think that in a neighboring western state, a boy had grown into manhood who was to bring grief and desolation to the happy household.

The son of a respected citizen of Freeport, Illinois, Charles Jules Guiteau, had been brought up in a decidedly "pious" manner, the father always having a Bible beside him at the breakfast table, and reading from it before beginning the meal. Indeed, the young man himself was a sort of religious fanatic, and, having spent his early life in the Oneida Community, was considered "queer," by his companions, who were wont to say: "Oh, Jules is 'looney'!" His eccentricities, too, increased when, after studying law, he traveled in Europe and there imbibed Socialistic and other peculiar doctrines until, at length, by one dastardly and most unnecessary act, he put a whole nation

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in mourning and brought disgrace upon his gray-haired father and a blithe and bright young sister. But more of that hereafter.

The first inauguration the writer of this ever witnessed was that of President Garfield, and, I believe, it was the finest Washington had then ever known. The day was ushered in by snow and wind, but at an early hour the sun struggled through the clouds, and, although the streets were ankle deep with slush, ice and water, Pennsylvania Avenue bloomed out like a flower garden with gay-hued flags and banners, and was thronged by an enormous crowd. As we looked down from an upper window, it seemed verily "a sea of faces" beneath a wall of waving bunting.

The procession was two hours in passing, and, in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, rode President Hayes and President-elect Garfield, *vis-a-vis* with the two Vice-Presidents, Wheeler and Arthur, bowing right and left to the people. It was then and there, too, that the lives of the one-time Vermont school teachers touched and crossed for weal or for woe.

Around the Capitol the crowd was densest and ten thousand pairs of eyes were riveted upon the platform at the east portico when, at the hour of noon, the newly-elected ruler ap-

peared to deliver his inaugural address, while conspicuous among those behind him was a tiny, white-haired woman of nearly fourscore, in widow's weeds — dear old "Grandma" Garfield, come to witness the culmination of all her hopes and prayers for her youngest "sapling." With her were the wives of the out-going and in-coming Presidents, the two older Garfield boys, and bonny Miss Mollie, hand-in-hand with Fanny Hayes.

A thrill, too, of that sympathy which "makes the whole world kin," ran through the vast concourse when, having taken the oath of office, President Garfield turned and kissed his mother and then his wife.

The enthusiasm of one young schoolgirl was unbounded.

"Oh, it was done for effect," remarked her companion teasingly.

"No," she cried, her cheeks flushing and eyes sparkling. "It was done because he is a knight — a real Sir Galahad!"

The little mother was, also, the first one to welcome her son to the White House, having preceded him thither, and the gala day concluded with fireworks and a grand inauguration ball in the evening, although the expected illumination of the city was something of a fizzle.

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The five Garfield children attracted much attention that spring of 1881, but Harry and James had to return to their school for some months, as they were just completing their course there and were prepared to enter college in the fall. They were, though, for a short time all together and a Washington correspondent has given us this pen-portrait of a meal in the Homestead of the Nation:

"In the cosy family dining-room the President's seat is midway the length of the table on its west side, and Mrs. Garfield sits opposite, with Harry, her eldest, a decided 'mother boy,' as near her as the presence of almost constant guests will permit, while Jimmie sits correspondingly near his father, where also 'Grandma' Garfield has an honored place. She is always waited on first, whoever else may be present. Mollie sits at the north end of the table, and the two younger boys are disposed a little promiscuously, according to the exigencies of the case. Harry is eighteen, tall and graceful, with the regular features of his mother. The down of manhood appears on his cheeks. Jimmie, sixteen years old, is nearly or quite as tall as his brother and broader shouldered, with the Saxon hair and large features of his father, whom he bids fair to re-

semble strongly in person and intellect. Mollie, aged fourteen, has the dark-brown hair of her mother and the lineaments of her father not unhandsomely reproduced. When womanhood has softened the charm of her face she will be very fine-looking. She is a great pet with her father. Irvin, aged eleven, and Abram, aged nine, you already know through descriptions, especially the former, who is the eccentric one, possibly the genius of them all. He is named for General McDowell, and insists that his name must be always written, not Irvin M., but Irvin McD. Mealtime is almost the only time the President has lately had with his children, and he devotes himself in great part to them at that time, often asking questions, on some interesting point, of Harry or James or Mollie to draw them out, and then explaining it at considerable length, instructing by the Socratic method as it were."

This had always been a custom in the house of Garfield, for the father having a natural gift for teaching, made his family like a school, and invented instructive games. For instance, he would spell from a dictionary words which are frequently mispronounced and then ask the children, in turn, to give the correct pronunciation; or else he read the definitions while the young

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folks endeavored to hit upon the exact word defined. If they came near the right word he encouraged them by saying: "Now you are getting warm;" but, if wide of the mark, called out: "Cold!" or "very cold!" All the family enjoyed this exceedingly.

The first three months, then, were very pleasant ones within the Executive Mansion, the chief vexation being the horde of office seekers which besieged the house and, among these, appeared the "looney Jules," from Freeport. He desired a consulship at Marseilles and, one day, having obtained access to the Head of the Nation, behaved so rudely that the attendants were obliged to remove him by force. It was probably, then, the murderous microbe first found lodgment in his half-crazed brain.

The intense heat of a Washington June found Mrs. Garfield suffering from a rather sharp attack of malaria; so, taking Mollie with her, she fled away to the fresher air of Long Branch; while small Irvin and Abram accompanied Grandma back to Ohio for the summer.

By the first of July, then, only the two sons, fresh from their Concord school, were with the President in Washington, and he was planning to attend the Commencement at his *alma mater*, Williams College, and afterward enjoy a pleas-

ure trip through New England with his wife and three oldest children.

He was in the best of spirits, when, on the morning of the second, as he was dressing, Harry came into his room and, deftly turning a hand-spring across the bed, laughingly asked: "Don't you wish you could do that?"

"Well, I think I can," replied his father, and, in another moment, he was on his hands and over the bed almost as nimbly as the youthful athlete.

Breakfast over, he bade Harry and Jimmie "good-bye" and rode off with Secretary of State Blaine to the depot of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad, and it was there he received the fatal shot which resulted in weeks of suffering and final death.

Charles Jules Guiteau was walking up and down, nervously awaiting the coming of his victim, and as he entered, drew forth a revolver, took steady and deliberate aim, fired twice and fled.

There was no outcry, but, with one surprised look to see from whence came the murderous bullet, the President sank to the ground; his life blood spurted forth and friends and strangers gathered round in horror.

Excitement ran riot, but when very gently

lifted onto a mattress, he turned to a gentleman near at hand and whispered: "Rockwell, I want you to send a message to 'Crete'." (His pet name for his wife, Lucretia.) "Tell her I am seriously hurt, how seriously I cannot yet say. I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send my love to her."

What news this was to be flashed over the wires to the loving wife and daughter at the seashore! and it must have been still more of a shock to the boys in the White House whom he had left less than half an hour before.

Harry flew to him at once and rode home with him in the ambulance, holding his hand; but he kept up good courage, and it was he who sent this telegram to the little grandmother in the West:

"July 2nd, 1881.

"*To Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Solon, Ohio:*

"Don't be alarmed by sensational rumors; doctor thinks it will not be fatal. Don't think of coming until you hear further.

"HARRY A. GARFIELD."

James, however, broke down completely and sobbed aloud beside his father's bed. At this, the President tried to comfort him.

"Don't be alarmed, Jimmie," he said, "the upper story is all right; it is only the hull that is a little damaged."

As quickly as special train could bring them, Mrs. Garfield and Mollie sped back to the Capital and arrived to find the husband and father, apparently, breathing his last; but he rallied, as we all know, and lingered for many, many days, while "all the world wondered." Some, too, recalled the brief address which the invalid had made at New York when President Lincoln was stricken down, in much the same manner. His few words then were:

"Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are around Him; His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds; justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne; mercy and truth shall go before His face. Fellow-citizens, God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives."

For a time he really seemed on the road to convalescence, even during the heat of a most sultry August. But an unfavorable change set in.

At length, it was decided to try the beneficial effects of sea air and salt water, and, on September sixth, he was removed to Mr. C. G.

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Franklyn's pretty cottage at Elberon, within a hundred yards of the white-crested ocean he had always loved.

We will not linger over these last harrowing days, when hope slowly died out in Mrs. Garfield's heart and the only daughter wandered sorrowfully up and down the beach with her young friend, little Miss Rockwell.

The two girls were sitting on the sand, on the morning of the nineteenth, when Don Rockwell came to tell Mollie that the President wished to see her.

Alarmed, but forcing a smile to her lips, the child entered the sick-room, kissed her father and told him she was glad to see him looking so much better.

"You think I do look better, Mollie?" he asked.

"Yes, I do, papa," she replied as she quietly took a seat near the foot of the couch.

A few moments after, however, she gasped, swayed and fell to the floor in a dead faint. Quickly Dr. Boynton sprang to lift her up and carry her into the outer air, and there she soon revived, although blood flowed freely from a cut, caused by striking against the bed-post.

It was thought that the invalid had not no-

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ticed his pet daughter's indisposition, having, apparently, relapsed into the stupor in which he lay most of the time; but when the doctor re-entered the apartment, he roused and said:

"Poor little Mollie! She fell over like a log. What was the matter?"

When assured it was only a short swoon, caused by the closeness of the sick-chamber, he seemed satisfied and dropped off to sleep. But that very night — the evening of September 19th, 1881 — there was, again, a hasty summons, not only for Mollie, but for all the household, while, shortly after they had gathered around the bedside, the end came and James Abram Garfield's sufferings were over, he having been President just two hundred days.

Sad, sad news for all the nation; sadder still for the two boys at Williamstown, where the younger lay ill of malarial fever; and, perhaps, saddest of all, coming to the aged mother, on the eve of her eightieth birthday, in her daughter's home at Solon, Ohio.

Many can remember and all have heard of the honors paid to the slain chief-magistrate, and how every city, town and hamlet displayed a mass of black and white decorations, throughout the entire country. For a week "Colum-

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bia mourned her son," publicly and in the eyes of all the world, ere he was left to his long last sleep in the mausoleum at Cleveland.

Conspicuous among the floral tributes laid upon the casket, was a great wreath of white rosebuds bearing a card with this inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield, an expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American nation"; and, undoubtedly some of these buds were among the flowers which the widow, Mollie and Harry carried away, after taking their last "farewell," in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Twenty years later, too, a wreath from Mrs. Garfield was placed upon the bier of England's Queen.

Charles Jules Guiteau paid the penalty of his crime with his life; but that could not return the affectionate husband and father to the family of loved ones who now made their home in Cleveland, Mollie being placed at a private school.

Harry and James being in college, the younger boys were, then, the mother's chief care and most carefully she guarded and instructed them, preparing them to follow in their brothers' footsteps at Williams, from which institute all four were eventually graduated.

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It was thought the little folks were entirely ignorant of all the public notice they had attracted, but when, one day, Mrs. Garfield had been obliged to correct Irvin quite severely, he astonished her by repeating, word for word, an extract from an Eastern paper, in which he was made to appear a very prodigy of juvenile perfection.

Receiving a pension from the Government Mrs. Garfield still lives in ease and comfort, while her daughter is happily married. She divides her time between the old place of pleasant memories at Mentor, Washington, and Pasadena, California, where she has an ideal summer home.

After completing his education in England, Harry was for some years Professor of Politics at Princeton University. Quite recently, however, he was offered and accepted the presidency of Williams College, and is now head of the institution which has been the *alma mater* of all his family.

Meanwhile, James Rudolph, having turned his attention to politics, advanced step by step, until he became a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior.

Irvin and Abram, also, are prominent men of affairs and all bid fair to carry out General Garfield's ambitious wishes for his boys.

CHAPTER XIX

NELLIE ARTHUR AND HER BROTHER

ONE September day, in the year of our Lord 1857, a somewhat battered and wave-worn steamer started out from the port of Havana, crowded with passengers, most of whom were homeward bound from the gold fields of California, carrying with them nearly two million dollars worth of the precious metal.

"Central America" was the name of the craft, and she was commanded by a naval officer, William Lewis Herndon, a Virginian, who had won a name for himself, by leading an expedition for the exploration of the river Amazon and bringing back most valuable information.

A gallant captain was he, but his bark was sadly unseaworthy and in no condition to stand rough weather. Therefore, when three days out, a fierce cyclone swooped down upon them, she soon sprung a leak, while the sea ran so

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high that her fires were quickly extinguished.

Helplessly the vessel tossed at the mercy of wind and waves and all on deck was panic and confusion. Commander Herndon, alone, remained calm. Managing to signal a small brig, he had all the women and children transferred to her in boats and sent his watch to his wife with the message that "he could not leave the steamer while there was a soul on board." Then, although some of the men were picked up by passing crafts, he, with many others, went down with his ship, serenely smoking a cigar as they sank into the watery depths.

He left a brave memory behind him and a monument to him may be seen at the Naval Academy in Annapolis; but he was sadly mourned, not only by his widow, but by a fair, young daughter, in a pleasant home of the sunny South.

Bright, vivacious Ellen Lewis Herndon, with the voice of a nightingale, was this Virginia girl, but, in the course of a year or two, she was consoled by a handsome Northerner, from New York — the man of whom we have heard before as the predecessor of Garfield in the primitive New England school — Chester A. Arthur. A fine specimen of manhood was he, tall and well-built, with dignified though genial

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manners which he probably inherited from his Irish father, who was a Baptist clergyman first of the Green Mountain State, but later in Manhattan.

Wooing and wedding his bride, he carried her off to a beautiful and artistic home in New York, where artists and *literati* loved to congregate, for though a politician, Mr. Arthur drew a sharply defined line betwixt his private and public life. Now, too, musicians were quickly drawn there, by the rare gift of the charming woman of whom it was said: "Wherever she was, there was good cheer and a sunny atmosphere."

Ere long, a son was born unto them and given the name of the brave explorer and gallant commander of the "Central America." Wee William, however, scarce survived infancy, while it was several years before another boy came to fill the place of their lost darling and be called after his father.

Little Chester Alan was a great pet, but Mr. Arthur longed for a daughter and a friend has told me how, one November night, he came running over to her house, all aglow with delight, to inform her husband that he had a baby girl.

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"I had to come and tell it," he said; and this tiny maid was christened Ellen for her mother, although always known as Nellie, or Nell.

The doors of all the best houses in the metropolis were open to the Arthurs, while the sweet voice of the wife was often heard at concerts and musicales for church or charity. The husband, too, like the majority of our Presidents, had attained considerable reputation as a lawyer, besides being Collector of the Port of New York. He was, likewise, looked upon as a man of justice and humanity, especially after he took up the case of a poor colored girl, a Sunday-school superintendent, who was ejected from a street car, after paying her fare.

Chester Arthur brought suit for damages and recovered five hundred dollars for this Lizzie Jennings, as well as bringing the whole matter before the public, which resulted in the railroad company being forced to reverse its order against passengers of color.

Mrs. Arthur, with the natural shrinking of a rather retiring character, often protested against her husband "dabbling" in politics, but they had for him a fascination which he

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could not resist and she passed out of his life the very year that he was nominated and elected to the Vice-Presidency.

Her departure was so sudden that one who knew her well, said: "I think of her only as a radiant woman and there is associated with her death no thought of sickness or physical decline. Her death was the first pain she had cost her friends."

The Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York begged the privilege of singing at her funeral.

The loss of the wife he adored was a bitter blow to the aspiring candidate, just at this crisis in his career, and it left very desolate the motherless boy and girl in the big Lexington Avenue house. Fortunately, Chester, Jr., was now a well-grown lad in his teens, old enough to be sent away to school; while Mr. Arthur's youngest sister, Mrs. McElroy, a delightful and cultured lady of Albany, came forward and took little eight-year-old Nellie under her kindly care.

The following twelvemonth was, of course, an exciting and anxious one for them all and, I think, no one felt President Garfield's assassination and death more than Vice-President Arthur. Never could he hear his colleague's sufferings mentioned without deep emotion and

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he keenly felt sundry cruel insinuations that he had been indirectly the cause of the act.

It was with the greatest reluctance that he accepted the martyred ruler's place and very quietly he took the oath of office, at his own home in New York, in the gray, early dawn of a dreary September day.

But if he entered the White House under a cloud, he came out of it with the respect of friends and foes, and his administration, to-day, is acknowledged to be one of the best in all our history.

It was some months before he took his children to Washington. Indeed, for the remainder of the year, the Mansion was kept closed as a mark of respect to the Garfields, and then, Mr. Arthur was not at all pleased with the presidential home.

A long time had elapsed since Martha Johnson Patterson gave it her thorough renovating, and again the carpets were worn, the furniture faded and broken and the china chipped and mismatched. Calling for the Commissioner of Public Buildings and Grounds, he informed him of the changes he desired.

"But, Mr. President," protested the Commissioner, "there is no money to do it."

"You go ahead and do the work," com-

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manded Chester Arthur. "I will not live in a house looking this way. If Congress does not make an appropriation, I will have it done and pay for it out of my own pocket. I will not live in a house like this."

So again the Nation's Homestead was repaired and refurnished and the Government footed the bills.

All was in fine order, then, when Mrs. McElroy, with her two daughters, May and Jessie, came to assist her brother in doing the honors of the Republican Court, and brought small Nellie, who is remembered at Washington as a graceful little maid, with much of her father's charm of manner and the warmest of hearts, which showed itself in efforts to give pleasure to those poorer than herself. She was not there constantly, however, as during part of these four years she was a pupil of a French school in New York, while Alan was at college. Holiday time, though, saw both at home and they frequently brought young friends with them to enjoy the amusements of the Capital.

A lady who was once one of these youthful guests has sent me an account of an Eastertide pilgrimage which she made with them to their grandfather's monument at Annapolis, accom-

panied by the President, the Arthur children's godmother, Mrs. Hunt, and other people of note. A swift run in a special car, through the sweet blossom-scented country and then they were received at the Naval Academy by a salute of twenty-one guns and a general review of the cadets. This was followed by a luncheon at the Superintendent's quarters and, of course, a visit to the tall shaft of Quincy granite bearing the name of "Herndon."

But, on the whole, accounts of this régime are extremely meagre owing to Mr. Arthur's distaste for having his domestic affairs heralded abroad.

He would not permit chronicles of the "daily doings of the White House" to be published, and as one writer has said:

"The President's children were not photographed and paragraphed and made the subject of a thousand flat and fatuous stories."

Indeed, the Arthur family was a tantalizing disappointment to all the Paul and Paulina Prys of the press and they made the most of one tale that leaked out regarding the portrait of a pretty woman hanging in the President's private apartments, before which masses of cut flowers, from the White House conservatories, were heaped every morning by his personal or-

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der. It was with chagrin, then, they learned that the picture was the likeness of Mr. Arthur's dead wife — little Nellie's mother.

Mrs. McElroy, who was a graduate of Mrs. Emma Willard's famous Seminary in Troy, made a most charming hostess and the hospitality of the Mansion was dispensed with a gracious dignity that had never been known there before.

New Year's Day has always been a gala day at the White House, so it was on the first of January after Garfield's assassination, that President Arthur held his first public reception and all those who came to shake the new magistrate's hand were deeply interested in the tall youth who assisted the ladies in the Blue Room, and in the small daughter of the family who appeared dressed in a pretty frock of pale blue cashmere and accompanied by two little school friends and the children of Mrs. Eugene Hale.

They were a very frightened, pale-faced flock of youngsters, however, when Mr. Allen, one of the Diplomatic Corps from the Hawaiian Islands, having paid his respects to the President, passed into the ante-room and, almost immediately, fell dead upon the floor. Of course, the reception was at once stopped and gloom

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enshrouded the Mansion. On the next occasion of this kind, General and Mrs. Grant assisted Mrs. McElroy and her daughters, but when the Drawing-Room receptions were held a bevy of young ladies was invited to give luster to the functions. There were, generally, three relays of these, each taking its turn in receiving the callers, while the others formed a background of youth and beauty. When at home you may be sure Nellie was always in the midst of this "rosebud garden of girls," a veritable pet among the petticoats.

The President delighted, also, in dinner parties, both public and private, and one Saturday night a party of his old cronies came from New York, each bringing his own oyster fork which, after using, he presented to Mr. Arthur as a souvenir.

A prince of hosts was he, as well as a *bon vivant*, and courteous in the extreme, as was shown at a banquet when two rural Congressmen attempted to spear some small Spanish olives with their forks. So vigorous was the onslaught of one, that the olive bounded out of the dish and landed in the shirt bosom of a guest sitting opposite.

Miss May McElroy and some others were

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inclined to laugh, but the President in the most dignified manner warned them by a look and adroitly turned the matter off.

Although the son of a Baptist clergyman, he became an Episcopalian and he and his household attended service at St. John's — the old church of the Presidents — which, at that period, had an exceedingly talented and popular rector who is now a Bishop of a mid-western state. It was in this historic edifice, too, that he placed a beautiful window, as a memorial to his wife.

Meanwhile, young Alan Arthur was shooting up into a long, lean youth an inch taller than his father, and leading a rather happy-go-lucky student's life at Columbia and Princeton, where he had a tendency toward getting into the troubles that come only too easy to undergraduates.

The only one, too, of Garfield's Cabinet whom President Arthur retained, was a former White House boy, and the son of a ruler, slain in office — Robert Lincoln.

Almost too swiftly three years and a half sped away and then, with a cordial clasp of the hand and a few words of congratulation to his successor — the first successful Democratic candidate since Buchanan — Chester Arthur slipped

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away from Washington and back into private life, with his little family.

The young girls of the capital, though, sorely regretted their going, and a delegation of them followed genial Mrs. McElroy to the station, and crowded the flower-laden car to bid "good-bye" to her, her daughters and little niece.

There are those who claim that Mr. Arthur's political career and worries shortened his life, for he died suddenly and was laid beside his "sweet Virginia bride" in Rural Cemetery, while Nellie was still in her early teens.

Good "Aunt Mary," however, continued to be ever like a mother to the young orphan, and she dwelt at Albany with her kind relatives until she wedded Mr. Charles Pinkerton. Being something of an invalid, she has, since her marriage, led rather a retired life, chiefly in one of New York's quietest streets; but has lately decided upon a suburban home in hopes that it may restore her health.

As for Chester Alan Arthur, Jr., he appears to care little for America or Americans, and having married a lady of wealth, spends most of his days on the other side of the Atlantic, in the capitals of Europe.

CHAPTER XX

A PRESIDENT'S WARD

“**F**OUR kinds of blood flows in my veins
And governs each, in turn, my brains.
From Cleveland, Porter, Sewell,
Waters,
I had my parentage in quarters.
My father's father's name I know,
And further back no doubt might go.
Compound on compound from the flood
Makes up my old ancestral blood;
But what my sires of old time were,
I neither wish to know, nor care.
Some may be wise — and others fools;
Some might be tyrants — others tools;
Some might have wealth — and others lack;
Some fair, perchance — some almost black;
No matter what in days of yore,
Since now they're known and seen no more.”

These quaint lines were written by keen, old Aaron Cleveland, a Connecticut minister, some hundred and odd years ago, and the same “ancestral blood” flowed in the veins of his grand-

son, who first saw the light in an antique house, with gable ends and ivy-covered porch, standing in the obscure New Jersey village of Caldwell, where church documents still bear this record: "Stephen Grover Cleveland, baptized July 1, 1837; born March 18, 1837."

Little Grover was the fifth of the nine children who called the Rev. Richard Cleveland "father," and during that worthy Presbyterian divine's six years of pastorate in Caldwell he had a child christened every year.

They had moved to Fayetteville, N. Y., however, before the boy was old enough to go to school, and there he seems to have been a mischievous urchin, sticking bent pins in the seats of chairs and playing pranks which sometimes brought down upon him the wrath of his fellow pupils.

An old farmer used to love to tell the story how he once thrashed an embryo President of the United States.

"It was one of those old-fashioned, rough-and-tumble fights, in which each fellow pulls hair, scratches, kicks and cuffs to his heart's content," he would say, with a chuckle.

"I was a much more powerful lad than Grover. Soon I had him down. I kept yelling out to him, 'You will stick pins in my seat, will

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you! You will, will you!' And each time I hit him another bat in the eye or neck. Well, Shell Pratt and Jewett Dunbar finally pulled me off, made us shake hands, and declare the fight over, with victory for me."

Mr. Cleveland, too, remembered this, but bore no malice, and when President, invited his quandom enemy to dine at the White House.

But so many little folks in the parsonage to feed and clothe, made a terrible drain upon the poor clergyman's stipend and, as soon as possible, the boys were obliged to turn in and help support the family. So, at an early age, Grover found employment in a "general store," where he swept and cleaned, opened and closed shutters and waited on customers for the magnificent sum of fifty dollars per year; living, meanwhile, over the shop.

That it was not a bed of roses we may gather from a description given by a roommate of young Cleveland's at this time. He says: "We lay upon a tick stuffed with straw, which had the uncomfortable peculiarity of accumulating in knots here and there. I recall how, often in the night, Grover would stir uneasily on his hard bed, maybe even getting up and, with his hand, reaching down in the tick to remove the troublesome lump on which he was resting.

In that room, without carpet, without wall-paper, without pictures — drear and desolate, we two lived together one whole year. In the winter we sometimes almost froze. There was no stove in the room, heat coming up from a pipe leading from the store below. Rats ran in the walls and often peered at us from out holes in the plaster."

Better days, though, dawned, and the lad was able to carry out a fond desire and attend an Academy at Clinton while, at seventeen, and after his father's sudden death at Holland Patent, we find him teaching in the New York Institution for the Blind.

Sedulously he labored among the sightless ones, but it was a happy hour for Grover Cleveland when he decided to follow Horace Greeley's advice — "Go West, young man! Go West!"

Not that he went very far; for, although he started for Ohio — then considered quite a western state — he stopped at Buffalo, to visit an uncle, who was a wealthy stock-raiser just without the town, and there he was induced to remain. There, too, he took up legal study and there laid the foundation of his fortunes, becoming partner in a law firm, Mayor of the city and Governor of New York.

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A free "hail-fellow-well-met" bachelor life he led for many years, but he was ever the chief support of his mother, as long as she lived, in the little cottage at Holland Patent; besides giving a most liberal education to his youngest sister, Rose, an original brainy girl, who, from a tiny child, would browse amongst her father's books, and loved reading far better than play.

Madame Brecker's French kindergarten was, perhaps, the most fashionable school for little Buffalo children in the late sixties, and there a merry set of small scholars learned to chatter in the polite language of *la belle France*. Conspicuous among these was a brown-haired lassie, with soft violet eyes, who displayed an unusually quick understanding and aptitude for study. This was young Frances Folsom, the only child of one of Mr. Cleveland's law partners. The bachelor mayor was a frequent visitor in her home and made quite a pet of the bright little girl, so when, in 1875, Oscar Folsom was killed in a carriage accident, it was no surprise that he had left his associate, guardian to his eleven-year-old daughter.

For a time her mother carried her off to Medina, her own native place, but she later re-

turned to Buffalo and attended the Central School, from which she was graduated with a certificate that permitted her to enter the sophomore class at Wells College, the institution selected by her guardian for the "finishing" of her education, and where she passed three blissful years, being a favorite with both teachers and pupils, all of whom, you may be sure, took keen note of the letters and flowers that came to Miss Frances from the Governor of New York. It was while she was a collegiate that her guardian was nominated for President, and in order to show how the prospect appeared from a schoolgirl's standpoint, I venture to copy a letter which was published a few years ago in a popular periodical, and which was written, at the time, by one of Frances Folsom's classmates to a friend in New York:

"WELLS, October 23, 1884.

"Most of the girls here are much older than I, for you must remember this is a full-fledged college, and not a *school*. I must tell you about one girl here, a Miss Folsom (not to be at all conceited, she is 'gone' on me, to use a common expression), who is awfully nice. She is very handsome, and, my dear, I want you to understand Grover Cleveland is perfectly devoted to

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her. Sends her flowers all the time and writes her regularly every week. Of course, she is very much excited to know how the election is coming off, as it will in one case be *slightly* agreeable to her.

"I had too much fun with her the other evening. She said: 'Girls, wouldn't it be pretty nice for me to spend a winter at the White House?'

"I said, 'Why, of course; but you must be sure to invite us all to see you.'

"I am sadly afraid she will never spend such a winter, aren't you?"

But she did, as we all now know, and many winters, while her schoolmates were not forgotten, but given a share of her good times.

The following June, too, when the "class of '85" held its commencement at Wells, no "sweet girl graduate" attracted more notice than pretty Frances, while the most superb of all the floral tributes showered upon the maidens fair, were those which came to her from the White House conservatories.

For long ere this the President had discovered that his former partner's daughter was something dearer than a ward, and undoubtedly a few tender words were spoken ere she sailed

away with her mother for a winter of sightseeing amidst the wonders of the Old World.

I fancy it was no great pleasure to Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland to give up the teaching and lecturing, by which she was winning a name for herself, and go to assist her brother in his social duties at Washington. She did so very pleasantly, however, and is remembered as a distinct personality, with a somewhat masculine decision in her bearing and her hair cropped as close as a man's. She could entertain, for she talked well, almost as she wrote, but some Congressmen and their wives were rather overpowered and bewildered by the classical quotations with which she interspersed her conversation.

Curiously enough, it was "Bachelor" Cleveland who, more than any President, took the hearts of young Washingtonians by storm and made for himself a lovable reputation among them. It chanced in this wise: For many a year Easter Monday has been considered "Children's Day" at the Capital, for then, rich and poor, white, black and brown, come to roll their gaily colored eggs down the knolls on the White House grounds and hold a joyous spring *festa*. Formerly the merrymakers seldom saw the fam-

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ily, but on the Easter after Mr. Cleveland's inauguration it in some way became whispered about that the Head of the Nation wished a word with the little folks.

Instantly the Mansion was besieged, and, with rare good humor, the President and his sister received them in the East Room, while, as one witness describes it, "The spectacle was like a picture from Gulliver's Travels. Lilliputians delighted to have the giant reach down and take their diminutive hands in his ample palm, and not a few, in their excitement, made freewill offerings of Easter eggs which had seen hard service."

It was a holiday long to be remembered, as it certainly was by one schoolboy, who, on hearing two strangers admire a handsome turnout and wonder who the occupants could be, stepped proudly up and said: "Why, that's the President! Don't you know the President? I do!"

"Oh, indeed!" responded the lady. "It is very kind of you to tell us who it is. But where did you learn to know the President?"

"I went to the White House and he had us all come to see him," and, with animated face, the lad described that wonderful Easter Monday reception in such glowing terms that, as

the visitor turned away, she remarked to her companion:

"I wish the President could have seen and heard that child."

While in the White House, Miss Rose took advantage of the *éclat* of her position to publish a book entitled, "George Eliot's Poetry and Other Studies," which became so much the vogue that it ran through twelve editions within a year, and brought her in twenty-five thousand dollars in royalties.

This was not altogether pleasing to her brother, and they disagreed in consequence, but she remained faithful to her post until the spring of 1886, when rumors became rife all over the land that the President was about to take unto himself a wife, and that, following the custom of great rulers, he would be married in the official residence, rather than in that of the bride. Indeed, the bride-elect was still beyond seas. But as the jocund month of May drew to a close she came sailing back, bringing with her a store of happy memories of foreign scenes and a most dainty and elaborate French *trousseau*. A few days at the Gilsey House, in New York, and then, early in the morning of June second, Miss Rose met bonny Frances at the station in Wash-

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ington and escorted her to the Republican Court, where the wedding was solemnized that same evening.

Grover Cleveland was the first and, as yet, only President to be married in the White House itself, and the old mansion fairly blossomed out with palms and flowers and the national colors. The historic Blue Room, where the ceremony was performed, was particularly beautiful. The tapers in the great candle-stands, five feet high, that had been presented to General Jackson, were lighted, and the whole apartment transformed into a bower of tropical plants, with a floral counterfeit of flames in the fireplace. Upon the east mantel the joyful day was calendared in pansies, while the opposite one, banked with the queen of flowers, shading from lightest pink to deepest crimson, displayed the monogram C. F. in moss and white roses.

The girlish bride looked like a rose herself as she entered on the arm of her childhood's friend and guardian, and was united to him by the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives and members of the Cabinet, while the Marine Band softly played Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

A President's salute of twenty-one guns, from the arsenal, announced abroad that the ward

had become a wife, and the church bells throughout the capital city rang a gleeful marriage chime.

The reception was small and informal, the most interesting incident being a message of congratulation received from Queen Victoria; and then the President and his girl wife slipped away through the south portico, though not quickly enough to escape the customary shower of rice and old slippers, and started for Deer Park, in the mountains of Maryland, where a cosy cottage had been placed at their disposal.

Here they hoped to spend a quiet and retired honeymoon, screened from the public eye. What, then, was their dismay the following morning to find a pavilion had sprung up, mushroom-like, in a night, directly opposite their abode, and this was thronged with newspaper correspondents, who leveled a battery of field glasses in their direction, greedy to note and record every movement and detail for the benefit of their too curious readers.

I warrant Mr. Cleveland then felt like suppressing the "freedom of the press."

The youngest mistress of the White House since Dolly Madison, Frances Folsom Cleveland at once won all hearts by her tact and grace, while at public receptions (of the "pump-han-

dle " variety) her manner was so charmingly cordial that young men were wont, after greeting her, to run around and get on the line again in order to shake hands a second time with the captivating first lady of the land.

Devoted to music, she gave many delightful musicales in the pretty Blue Room, and also surrounded herself with song birds, canaries and mocking birds being her chief favorites. To these she became much attached, so when one feathered pet chanced to be killed by a rat she had it stuffed and mounted for her own apartment.

Her husband was not so partial to the aviary, but liked to please his young wife, and an old retainer of the White House has told us how one night when the President was working late in his library, he called him in, between two and three in the morning, saying, "I wish, P—, you would take that mocking bird down; it annoys me."

This was done, and the tiny creature's untimely solo ceased.

Presently, however, Mr. Cleveland came out again to inquire, "Where did you put him?"

"On Mr. Loeffler's desk."

"But, oh, P—, you don't think he will catch cold there, do you?"

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And nothing would do but the bird must be moved behind a screen to protect him from the chill night air.

Certainly Mrs. Cleveland did much to make the twenty-second administration a success, for, as has been said of the shining light of the Democracy—

“Nothing in his life had been so becoming to him as the doubling of it.”

When, too, after her husband's defeat by Mr. Harrison, they made for themselves a home in New York, she was as popular there as in Washington.

But we shall hear more of this President and his ward anon.

CHAPTER XXI

"BABY McKEE" AND HIS SISTER

HERE were gay times at Oxford, Ohio, in the good old days, when the students at the Miami University and the girls from the Oxford Female College met together for social amusement, and many a mild flirtation enlivened the rugged hill of learning in the quiet, collegiate town.

One of the leading belles was Miss Caroline Scott, the graceful dark-eyed daughter of the principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary, and it created some surprise when her preference was given to a small, slender, rather insignificant-looking youth, plain of face and dress, and with an extremely diffident manner.

But if short of stature, Benjamin Harrison had a long and proud lineage, one of his ancestors being a signer of the Declaration of Independence, while he likewise boasted a strain of Indian blood in his veins, from Pocahontas through her marriage with John Rolfe, gentleman.

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Perhaps, too, as the lovers wandered under the trees on moonlight nights, he would recall for his sweetheart his childish memories of his grandfather, brave old “Tippecanoe,” who had been President for a brief season and in whose house he himself was born.

I am sure, too, he must have described to her his own home, the fertile farm on a long tongue of land running between the Ohio and Miami rivers, and not many miles from the old Harrison mansion. For here not only had he lived all his boyhood, but gone to school as well, since his father, John Scott Harrison, followed his parent’s example, and, like him, had his children’s earliest education given them at home, together with their cousins and friends. In a rough log schoolhouse, with a floor of puncheon and heated by a great wood fire, the little fellows spent their winter mornings, seated on high benches, with their tiny legs dangling, learning their A B C’s, or perhaps singing in chorus:

“ 5 times 5 are 25
5 times 6 are 30
5 times 7 are 35
5 times 8 are 40.”

and kindred instructive ditties.

Out of school hours, however, they ran wild

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or helped with the milking, planting or harvesting, while one of small Ben's greatest pleasures was a visit to "Grandma" at the homestead.

He was a prime favorite with the gentle old lady, and with her parting kiss she was always wont to slip a piece of money into his hand.

"Some day I will take you to North Bend to see her and the dear old farm," we can imagine the student Harrison saying; and so he did, just as soon as he and his *fiancée* had completed their college course — they both being graduated the same June — and he had made some progress in his legal studies, for they were married in the autumn of 1853.

The honeymoon was a halcyon one, but the following year saw the youthful pair starting life in a boarding-house at Indianapolis, with a cash capital of just eight hundred dollars.

Mr. Harrison earned his first money as a court crier, but ere long began the practice of his profession in a small way. One who knew him at that period says:

"At first one wondered that a young man apparently so lacking in assertion, should presume to entrust himself so far from home. The wonder was heightened when it became known that the fledgling was the grandson of President William Henry Harrison. But when he spoke his

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voice was pleasant, words well chosen and intelligent."

Heredity and environment combined can do a great deal for any one, so, although his boy, Russell Benjamin — born also on the Western Reserve — was the child of comparative poverty, before the only daughter, Mary Scott, arrived, two years later, Dame Fortune had smiled upon the struggling lawyer and the little maid was welcomed to a comfortable and spacious home of the Hoosier State.

Leaders in all church and charitable work, these good people soon drew around them a congenial circle, but their chief care was the happiness and welfare of their children, while they often had with them a favorite niece of Mrs. Harrison's, bright young Mary Scott Lord. Very merry times, then, the two Marys had together, as well as Russell, who was graduated at Lafayette and studied to be a mining engineer.

Like so many others, however, Benjamin Harrison heard and heeded Columbia's "call to arms," and it was with a brave voice, if a sinking heart, that his wife bade him "Go and help to save your country and let us trust in the shielding care of a Higher Power for your protection and safe return."

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In the shelter of home, too, she and her daughter rejoiced over the gallantry displayed at Resaca and Peach Tree Creek, which made him a brigadier-general, and certainly no prouder women ever entered Washington than those who accompanied "Little Ben," as he was dubbed in the army, when he was sent to the Senate.

Ever domestic in his tastes and a devoted husband and father, this western man is perhaps best remembered as a "grandfather," for both Russell and Mary were married ere he became President, and it was the latter's infant son, small Benjamin McKee — or "Baby McKee," as he was generally called — who was the most conspicuous childish figure during the Harrison régime.

So, again, the White House nursery was thrown open and became the centre of the household, with the sturdy youngster whose "doings" were chronicled far and wide, his wee sister and a tiny Marthena Harrison. It was in the historic Blue Room, too, that little Mary Dodge McKee was christened by her great-grandfather, the venerable Dr. Scott, with water brought from the river Jordan. The President fairly doted on these small folk, and never let a morning pass without going in to see them, while he

provided for them a host of pleasures and made much of Christmas and birthdays. Especially was “Baby McKee’s” fourth anniversary celebrated in fine style.

Together, Mr. Harrison and his grandson led the procession of little guests to the dining-room, where, at a round table, were set fifteen high chairs. Two flags crossed on a plat of ferns formed the centre-piece and the favors at the places were rush baskets of bonbons, the handles fashioned of tricolor ribbons. Here and there, on the board, appeared dishes of beaten biscuits, made for the occasion in the form of tiny chickens with outspread wings; and the *menu* included bouillon, ice cream and cake.

Mothers and nurses waited on the happy children, while the Marine Band discoursed sweet strains, and, at the close of the collation, all, old and young, danced together a Virginia reel.

The Easter egg-rolling, too, was always watched by the President and his little nursery people from the porticoes and any Paschal hero was applauded to the echo.

Master “Baby,” though, could be very obstreperous on occasions, as when the Bell-Ringers gave a grand concert in the East Room,

he persisted in pushing in close to the performers to examine their curious musical instruments and it was all mother and nurse could do to keep him in order.

To Mrs. Harrison, the fine conservatories were a great pleasure. Always having a taste for painting, she now took art lessons and spent much time decorating china with flowers, especially orchids, of which she was particularly fond. These rare blossoms, too, now first appeared on the White House table, at a dinner given to the Diplomatic Corps.

She was, also, much interested in collecting relics of her predecessors and in plans for enlarging and improving the official residence. These plans were not carried out until long after her time, but in the restored greater "Mansion" of to-day can be traced many of her artistic ideas.

It was fortunate there were bright, young faces and sweet flowers to enliven the old place at this period, for, after all, there was more of shadow than of sunshine in the twenty-third administration.

Starting with the tragic burning of Senator Tracy's house, when his wife and daughter perished and were buried from the Nation's Homestead, it was not long before the Russian grippe,

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then making a devastating progress through the land, attacked the White House and every member of the family fell a victim, except the President himself.

Devotedly, Mrs. Harrison nursed all the rest and then succumbed herself, and from that illness her health was seriously impaired. Nor was this improved by the double sorrow which came to her, in the death of her sister, Mrs. Russell, and of her father, the Rev. John W. Scott — the latter a very old man of more than fourscore and ten — both of whom made their home with her in Washington.

As her mother sank into invalidism, Mrs. McKee took upon herself more and more of the social duties of their position, and in these she was often assisted by the friend and "Cousin Mary" of former days, who was now the gay, young widow — Mrs. Dimmock. This lady spent much time with her relatives and it was no infrequent sight to see the President taking long walks with his daughter or niece, when they often covered a good ten miles on foot.

Great rejoicing was there, also, when Benjamin Harrison was nominated for a second term, a rejoicing which extended even to the children, for there, in the very midst of the throng of Congressmen, Cabinet officers, notifi-

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cation committee and several hundred invited guests, appeared the favorite little namesake grandson, in white flannel suit and blue stockings, closely guarded by his German nurse.

The speeches ended, all became quite uproarious for the White House. Some cheered; Senators, Judges, young ladies and matrons clapped and exchanged a cross-fire of jokes and good-natured repartee; while salad, sandwiches and lemonade went merrily round. As for the President, he beamed like a full moon; shook hands with everybody; danced "Baby" McKee in the air, and, going out into the corridor, pressed some outsiders who loitered there to come in and partake of the luncheon.

It was a general jollification.

Mrs. Harrison was too unwell to be present on this festive occasion, for she was failing fast. The following October, she and the husband of her youth spent the thirty-ninth anniversary of their marriage together in the big residence, but, five days later, she passed quietly away and never knew that he lost the election to the very man whom he had defeated, four years before.

So the New Year of 1893 was anything but a happy one at the Republican Court. The usual reception was given up and the White House looked dark and lonely, for, not only

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was it in mourning, but quarantined as well, since in the upper story Russell's baby girl, little Marthena Harrison, lay ill with scarlet fever.

Sadly, then, this Hoosier family retired from office, but for years "Baby" McKee attracted a world of attention wherever he went, either in Indiana, at Boston, or, during the summer, at Saratoga, where he was often seen riding his bicycle beside his mother, who was, also, a devotee of the wheel, then in the height of its popularity.

The ex-President was still devoted to his namesake and the small girls, while, one day, he presented them with a step-grandmamma, and who should it be, think you? Why, none other than the "Cousin Mary Dimmock," whom they had known all their lives.

With this second wife, then, Benjamin Harrison, twenty-third ruler of the United States, passed his last days and, when called up higher, left another little daughter — the child of his old age — who seems a very small "Auntie" for Ben, the young student at Yale, and his sister, bonny Mary McKee.

CHAPTER XXII

THE CLEVELAND BABIES AND A CHILDLESS COUPLE

WHILE President Harrison's grandchildren were kicking up their merry little heels in the White House nursery, a wee, winsome infant had opened her bonny bright eyes in the good city of New York.

"We will call her Ruth," said her young mother, as she kissed the rosebud cheek, and when the People sent Grover Cleveland to Washington for the second time, this small girl went, also, to fill the place left vacant by Mary Lodge and "Baby McKee."

In the chamber known as the "Prince of Wales' room," she and her nurse were cozily established and close to the apartment occupied by her parents, on the wall of which shone forth the quaint sign or crest selected by her father, the words "Life, Duty and Death,"

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and on a shield, "As thy days are so shall thy strength be."

For Mr. Cleveland used to say: "If I have a coat of arms it is that. I chose it years ago and keep it by me."

In floods of sunshine and with loud acclaim this favorite of the Democracy was inaugurated to a second term, but the very night after an alarm arose in the Executive Mansion. Baby Ruth had been taken suddenly ill, doctors were summoned and there was much running to and fro. Fortunately, the cause for the anxiety soon passed and she was the sole darling of the Presidential household until September, 1893, when a small sister came to keep her company and to be the ninth child born within the historic residence, even as her mother was the ninth bride to be wedded there.

To this tiny stranger was given the name of the Biblical queen of old, and rarely has a princess of the blood royal been more lavishly prepared for and welcomed than was little Esther Cleveland.

Her mamma took pleasure in fashioning many of the fairy-like garments herself, but the whole world, as it were, contributed to the dainty *layette*.

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From England and Germany, from France and Spain, came gift upon gift of rich woolen and silken fabrics, sheer lawns and softest flannels, socks knitted of the finest Berlin and Saxony yarn, six exquisite little cloaks, twenty pairs of chamois-skin shoes, a score of white silk frocks and the beautiful christening robe, also of silk but veiled with airy, embroidered chiffon. The most valuable of furs, too, were sent from the lands of the North and enough caps to cover a dozen curly pates.

Nor were the presents confined to clothing, for cradles, cribs and carriages all found their way to the White House, to say naught of the wonderful and costly dolls and tea sets and other toys, filling the playroom to overflowing, and for which, you may be certain, Ruth came in for her share.

So the tiny Cleveland girls had plenty to amuse them within doors and they were very rarely seen walking or driving in the streets of Washington, for their mother greatly dreaded the sometimes unpardonable curiosity of strangers regarding her babies, especially after one daring souvenir-hunter attempted to cut a lock of hair from little Ruth's fair head as her nurse was carrying her across the hall.

During the winter, then, they were kept

pretty close in the home-nest, but, with the first warm weather, away they all flitted to their lovely, cool summer house, "Gray Gables," on Buzzard's Bay.

Meanwhile, out in the West, a shining White City had sprung into being and the nation was gaily celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. To the capital, too, at this time came many foreigners of high degree.

The very day that Esther was born, the President received at an informal reception, the young Japanese Prince, Yorihato Komatsu, a grandnephew of the Mikado, who was traveling incognito; while Mrs. Cleveland, with girlish enthusiasm, warmly espoused the cause of Princess Kaiulani, niece and heiress-apparent to the deposed Hawaiian queen, Liliuokalani.

This dark-skinned, graceful maiden of eighteen, fresh from the English school where she was educated, attracted much attention at the Inauguration ball and the first Lady of the Land often had her at the White House and gave her most womanly sympathy; for this island Princess came hither with her guardian, to ask aid of the American people to establish her rights to the throne of Hawaii, which she did in a sweetly pathetic but very schoolgirlish appeal.

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By her charm of manner, though, she certainly made a conquest of the Presidential family.

All over the country, mothers were always interested in news of the little Cleveland children, and one July day, toward the close of the administration, the stork came again to the President's household. This time, it visited Gray Gables and brought a third daughter to complete the trio of sisters.

Little Maid Marian was a "well-spring of joy" to the other two, and, for a brief season, she, too, was a girl of the White House.

The year 1895 found the people of the South making elaborate preparations for a big Cotton States and International Exposition, to be held at the city of Atlanta, Ga., and, by September, all was in readiness and a throng of visitors journeyed thither for the grand opening.

Distinguished visitors were there in abundance; Mr. Booker Washington — the colored orator — was ready with his address; while Victor Herbert's band convulsed the crowd with a lively medley of The Red, White and Blue, Dixie and Yankee Doodle.

Still the portals remained closed and the vast concourse waited,—for what, think you? Why, just for the touch of a baby hand.

At the same hour, miles and miles to the

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northward, at a gray house on a beautiful Massachusetts bay, the President sat in his gun-room, with his secretary and all his family beside him.

On a small shelf by the window rested a black rubber button set in a band of solid gold, around the edge of which ran this inscription, "Marian Cleveland, September 18, 1895."

A most simple little object it looked, but it was connected by electric wires with Atlanta, and, at a certain time, the tiny finger of the two-months-old baby pressed the button.

Instantly, then, in far-away Georgia, the gates of the Exposition swung open; the buzzing of machinery started up; cannon boomed, whistles shrieked, and, amid the cheering of the multitude, its busy life began.

To-day, these stories of their infant days must seem like fairy tales to the Cleveland girls, for they were still very wee folk when they bade "good-bye" to the White House and their papa's place was taken by the man of whom we have heard before as a brave, young soldier-boy, serving on the staff of Rutherford B. Hayes — namely, William McKinley, another youth from that hotbed of Presidents, the Western Reserve.

The nursery was now left empty, for there

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were no small people in the family of our twenty-fifth ruler, and Mrs. McKinley, like Mrs. Pierce, had only memories of the children she had loved and lost.

Once, a blithe little Katie had prattled at her knee and a Christmas baby, who was given her own name of Ida, nestled for six months in her gentle arms, but both had been taken from her long, long before, and it was broken in health and spirits that she came as mistress to the Executive Mansion; there to meet the last and severest blow of her sad life, the striking down of her beloved and most devoted husband, by another of those miscreants who seem ever to haunt the footsteps of those who walk in high places.

This, however, as we all know, came in the second term, so for four or five years they were comparatively happy, with Mrs. McKinley's aunt, Mrs. Saxton, there to keep her company and the President's nieces often with them. One, especially, Mabel McKinley, a young girl with the voice of a lark, was a great favorite with her uncle and he took pleasure in giving her a fine musical education. This, too, proved of rare benefit to her in later years, for, although a cripple and obliged to go on

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crutches, she now supports herself by singing in concert.

Mrs. McKinley's love for little children was a marked characteristic. She could not pass a baby without stopping to pet it, and, when driving, would kiss her hand to all the youngsters along the way. Her time, also, was largely employed in devising and fashioning articles for the comfort or amusement of boys and girls, and thousands of slippers, crocheted by her nimble fingers, are said to have found their way to hospitals for children throughout the land.

Quiet, too, as was the life she was forced to lead, one biographer has declared: "She was a wife who was the soul of her husband."

It was to President McKinley, too, that the letter penned years before by General Grant, in his last moments, was presented; and it is needless to say that the grandson of the ex-President had no difficulty in gaining the right to wear the uniform of a West Point cadet.

Meanwhile, sweet Frances Folsom Cleveland — the ward-wife — had carried her three babies off to "Westlands," a big, double mansion, surrounded by spacious grounds, in the pretty collegiate town of Princeton, where

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they still make their home when not at "Gray Gables."

Esther and Marian are bright, well-grown lassies now, in their early teens, and very fond of the small brothers who have been added to the family circle since the old White House days. It is in low, sorrowful tones, though, that they speak of "sister Ruth"—the first-born of the Cleveland children—for she, as well as their illustrious father, has passed into the "dim far-away."

CHAPTER XXIII

A BUNCH OF KNICKERBOCKERS

“**W**HOMO is now the head of the United States?” asked a teacher of her class, a twelvemonth or so ago.

“Roosevelt,” came in quick chorus.

“And what is his title?”

“Teddy,” burst forth with delighted enthusiasm.

It was thus that old and young affectionately termed the President who has just gone out of office; while “Teddy bears” bore his name far abroad, and Teddy bairns for seven years held “merry war” within the old walls of the historic White House.

Not long ago, in the royal nursery at Rome, Italy, a conversation was overheard, in which its small occupants were discussing a coming international marriage, then exciting interest in all circles.

“No,” said little Princess Yoland, the seven-year-old daughter of King Victor Emmanuel,

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to her younger brother. " You must not call our American cousin '*Caterina*.' Mamma will do that. To you she will be '*Signora Cugina*' (Mrs. Cousin). You must not be too familiar."

" Will she bring me a Teddy bear? " asked tiny Umberto.

" No, you greedy boy! She will be the one to have presents. Anyway, Teddy is coming to Europe and there will be no more bears."

By which we may judge that young foreigners consider Mr. Roosevelt the originator and producer of the popular furry toy; as well as that little pitchers are possessed of as long ears in palaces as elsewhere.

" Teedy," they called the wee lad in stiff white petticoats, with a curl on top of his head, in the old home in East Twentieth Street, New York, some forty odd years back, and a good friend of his has recalled a picture of the toddler, trotting about with " David Livingstone's Travels and Researches in South Africa," under his arm, pestering every member of the family to tell him what " foraging ants " were and what they did. All were busy and paid no heed to the baby student, until an older sister, to be rid of his teasing, sat down to investigate

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and found the destructive sounding insects were nothing worse than "the foregoing ants," at which her exasperation quickly expended itself in peals of laughter.

A very delicate, asthmatic boy, though, was Theodore Roosevelt, and time would often have hung heavy on his hands, but for his love of books of adventure. Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" were read and re-read, until Deer-slayer, Natty Bumppo, Hurry Harry and Ishmael Bush became as "dear, familiar friends"; while Mayne Reid's stories went with him on all his travels, even to far-away Egypt, where he was sent in hopes of improving his health.

It was not change of climate, however, but a strong will, combined with outdoor, athletic exercise that transformed him into the sturdy, strenuous man he is to-day.

As he said himself, "I determined to be strong and well and did everything to make myself so."

With this end in view, then, he ran, he rode, he swam, he boxed, he wrestled and hewed down trees; leading a healthy, romping life, especially when at "Tranquillity," the country home of the Roosevelts, near Oyster Bay, on Long Island, until he could hold his own with

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his more robust brother Elliott, or any other fellow who played in Union Square or went to the public school he attended.

One of his classmates at this period was a shy, retiring, rather bookish lassie, who dwelt in a brown-stone house in Fourteenth Street, facing the park. They became the best of chums, and there was no girl he liked so well to dance with, as Edith Carow, when both were pupils at the fashionable Dancing Academy of that day. He sent her valentines and was always glad when she came to visit his sisters, Anna and Corinne.

It was a happy time, but the passing years found them drifting apart, when all three maidens were transferred to Miss Comstock's celebrated French school and Theodore entered Harvard.

There he made his strong personality distinctly felt, for he soon set the whole college to skipping rope; quoted Elizabethan poetry until they thought him "more or less crazy"; flaunted a pair of gaudy red and white striped stockings in the gymnasium; studied as well as he boxed; played baseball, football and polo; taught in a Mission Sunday School; ran races; fell in love, and was graduated with the high-

est of honors, coming out a *Phi Beta Kappa* man.

It was in Boston that he lost his heart to a beautiful girl, belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of the "Hub," and, three months after his graduation, he married Alice Lee and went to Europe for his honeymoon.

There, too, he distinguished himself by climbing the highest and most dangerous mountains of the Alps — the snow-crowned Matterhorn and Jungfrau; for which daring deed, he was made a member of the Alpine Club of London. Surely, never since Claes Martenszen Van Rosenvelt — the founder of the family in this country — crossed the seas from Holland to New Amsterdam, in 1649, has he had so versatile and energetic a descendant as this young Knickerbocker of the Knickerbockers.

There was rare rejoicing, too, in the Dutch household when his first child was born, but alas! the joy was quickly changed to woe, for

"THE MOTHER'S BEING CEASED ON EARTH, WHEN BABY CAME FROM PARADISE,"

a grief which was closely followed by the death of Mr. Roosevelt's mother.

So the little Alice Lee had to be consigned to

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the care of her grandparents in Boston, while the young widower plunged into both politics and literature for distraction, varied by hunting trips to the wilds of the West.

The first time I ever saw Theodore Roosevelt was at an Author's Reading, when he entertained a large concourse of people in the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, by a vivid account of a hunt for grizzlies, and, certainly, his intense personality carried his audience with him and inspired it with all a hunter's enthusiasm. Since then, bears have always been connected with his name and should be upon his crest.

One of young Mrs. Roosevelt's most intimate acquaintances, when she came as a bride to New York, was her husband's early friend, Edith Kermit Carow, who, however, was now living in England, and it was her most kindly letter of sympathy that the bereaved husband carried with him to North Dakota. Small wonder, then, that after two years, the man's lonely heart should have turned toward this dear companion of his youth!

Crossing the sea, he sought and found her. They were married in St. George's Chapel, Hanover Square, London, and joyfully he brought her home to be a most loving step-mother to the little Alice.

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A veritable “chip of the old block” is this first-born daughter, and when a child was considerable of a tom-boy, which rather pleased her father, who once remarked:

“Alice is a girl who does not stay in the house and sit in a rocking-chair. She can walk as far as I can. She can ride, drive and shoot, although she does not care much for the shooting. I don’t mind that; it is not necessary for health, but outdoor exercise is, and she has plenty of that.”

It was not long, however, before Miss Alice had to share the parental affection with a bevy of others. Five of them — Theodore the Second, Kermit, Ethel Carow, Archibald, and last, though not least, lively little Quentin; while, when they were infants, the nursery was always the first place Mr. Roosevelt sought, on coming home, as eager as the wee folk for a romp.

In vain, his wife would plead, “Now, don’t play bear! The baby is just being put to sleep.”

In five minutes, he would be tearing over the floor on all fours, as a veritable Teddy-bear; the youngest hopeful squirming out of Nurse Nance’s arms and growling and clawing like a little cub; while the rest pranced about like a menagerie let loose.

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It was the merriest, noisiest sort of a household, for even as Governor and President, Theodore Roosevelt has always been a boy with his boys, and they consider him the finest playfellow in all the world.

“Sagamore Hill,” as the country seat near Oyster Bay is now called, is their favorite abiding place, and thither all turn their faces with delight, every June. The homestead is a pleasant house of many gables, hidden in trees, and, nigh by is a sandy declivity which the youngsters use as a sliding place.

“See,” said the President, one day, as he sailed by in his yacht, the *Sylph*, “that is Cooper’s Bluff. Three generations of Roosevelts have raced down its slope. We did, only yesterday. Good run, that!”

Outdoor sports are here, of course, the ones most indulged in, and as all love animals, there are pets galore. Very queer specimens, too, some of them have been.

A black bear might be expected and the shaggy fellow chained in the Sagamore Hill garden was called “Jonathan Edwards,” after the famous divine, who was their ancestor, on the distaff side.

During one of the father’s political tours

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through Kansas, a small girlish admirer flung on board of the Presidential train, a tiny baby badger, at the same time shouting out, "His name is Josiah."

"He looked," said Mr. Roosevelt, "for all the world, like a small flat mattress, with a leg under each corner." But he took Josiah home, where he was brought up on a nursing-bottle, until he had cut his teeth — from which time on he showed his gratitude by chasing the boys and nipping their calves and ankles, whenever let out of his cage.

"Skip," a bright little black puppy, was also one of the President's western souvenirs, and he was never so happy as when permitted to ride on a horse, with his master, where he sat up in the saddle as straight as a hussar.

A prime favorite is Algonquin, the calico pony from Iceland, which was presented to Archie and on which he loves to scamper over the country, with sometimes Skip perched up before him.

Long, too, has been the line of dogs and guinea pigs which has come and gone. "Sailor-boy," described as "a big, clumsy, loyal fellow, of several good breeds," was the darling of all, while the spotted guineas generally

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boasted such distinguished names as Bishop Doane, Father O'Grady, Dr. Johnson, Fighting Bob Evans and Admiral Dewey.

On a certain occasion, too, a guest at the house was both astonished and amused, to have one of the urchins rush in with the startling announcement—"Oh, oh, Father O'Grady has had some children."

When these four-footed companions pass to the "Happy Hunting Grounds" of dumb beasts they are decently interred at the end of the lawn, in a plot marked by a rough stone on which is hewn the words "Faithful Friends," and below, "Jessie," "Susie," "Boz," and other names of lost pets. Kermit generally conducts the obsequies and he was much scandalized, one day at the White House, upon discovering a rabbit belonging to Archie which had lain a whole day unburied. A court-martial was summoned and Ted made Judge-Advocate-General.

Evidence was taken, after which the Judge's verdict, solemnly rendered, was: "It was Archie's rabbit and it is Archie's funeral. Let him have it in peace."

Mr. Roosevelt, himself, teaches his sons to shoot, swims with them in the Cove, and accompanies them on long horseback rides. Pic-

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nics, too, are very popular at Sagamore Hill, but the gala day of all the summer is when he, his boys and their cousins go camping.

The spot selected is a secluded one on the shore, to which they can sail with all their outfit and where they can catch fish for the dinner which they prepare themselves.

The lads peel the vegetables, gather the wood and build the fire and the President, rolling up his sleeves, turns cook.

"Um—m!" chuckles Archie; "you oughter just taste my father's beefsteak! He tumbles them all in together — meat, onions and potatoes, but um—m! it is good."

With sharp-set appetites, all eat their fill and then, gathering round the camp-fire tell ghost stories until the shadows deepen, the stars come out overhead and the owls hoot weirdly in the dark woods, when they are glad to roll themselves in their blankets, and, stretching out their feet to the glowing embers, sleep until sunrise summons them to a refreshing salt-water bath in the sparkling bay.

At the country house Mrs. Roosevelt, too, has her hands full with her large family and the constant demands upon her time, but she finds leisure to sew with the St. Hilda Chapter — the sewing circle of Christ Church — and

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fashions many a garment for the child cripples in the House of St. Giles.

Even when in Washington, she never forgot the poor folks at home, as was shown by the trinkets collected together and her bouquet and dance-card from an inauguration ball, brought to a consumptive girl, a "shut in," with little to brighten her weary existence.

It was in these works of charity, too, that she found her chief consolation and distraction, during our short, spectacular, little war with Spain, when her husband was away winning his bravest laurels.

No page in the history of that Cuban fray is of such intense interest as the dramatic storming of San Juan hill, and the central figure is Theodore Roosevelt making his wild dash, amid shot and shell, up toward the Spanish batteries, closely followed by his troop of gallant Rough Riders, shouting: "Hurrah, now we'll show 'em what the Yankees can do! Down with the Dons! Three cheers for Uncle Sam!"

They fought as well as they boasted and, ere long, Old Glory floated from the heights above Santiago, while, two days later, came that wonderful *coup d'état*, the sinking of Admiral Cer-

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vera's fleet, on Sunday morning, in the beautiful Southern bay.

Never was such a Fourth of July known as that on which the marvelous news came flashing across the electric wires to an astonished nation! We can imagine a quartette of boys, at Sagamore Hill, nearly turning themselves inside out with excited joy; but the wife of the rector at Oyster Bay clasped a white-faced, but composed little woman in her arms, crying impulsively: "Colonel Roosevelt is a hero, beyond a doubt, but you are *three!*"

It was his gallantry at San Juan, even more than his efficiency as Police and Civil Service Commissioner, that made Theodore Roosevelt Governor of New York. He probably then thought he had attained the pinnacle of his ambition, and it was with regret that he consented to run for Vice-President, on the ticket with William McKinley.

He felt that he was being "shelved." Still, his objections were overruled and he was swept into the "harmless office," as he considered it, just at the opening of the Twentieth Century.

A trifle more than half a year rolled by and then, for the third time, a President of the United States was stricken down by an

assassin's blow and America wept at his bier.

For a few days there were favorable signs and hope soared so high that Mr. Roosevelt left his chief and joined his family at the Upper Tahawus Club in the Adirondacks, where two of its members were recuperating from illness.

Friday, September thirteenth, 1901, was dark and lowering, with dashes of rain. Ted, Jr., elected to go fishing, but the other children joined their father and mother and a small party of friends, in a climb up Mount Marcy. The trail was a rough one and Mrs. Roosevelt, with the younger ones, soon gave it up as too arduous. The Vice-President and a few others, however, gained the top and, after surveying as much view as could be seen through the mist, spread their lunch on the edge of a pretty mountain lake known as "Tear in the Clouds." But, before they had commenced their repast, a snapping of twigs and quick footsteps made all start and a guide pushed his way through the underbrush, waving a yellow telegram. It read:

"The President's condition has changed for the worse.

"CORTELYOU."

"I must go back immediately," cried Mr.

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Roosevelt, springing up, and leaving the collation untasted, hurried down the mountain, while at midnight, he received a second message:

“ Come at once.”

In a mad race with Death, then, the Vice-President, by horse and buckboard and special train, sped toward Buffalo, where the Pan-American Exposition — the scene of the tragedy — was now closed, dark and silent. Ere half the distance was covered, however, William McKinley had breathed his last.

It was at the fine substantial residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, in the little city by the lake, that our twenty-sixth President, with pale lips and tear-dimmed eyes, took the oath of office and, then turning to the witnesses, said with emotion: “ In this hour of deep and terrible bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our country.”

The days that followed were tumultuous ones and October’s leaves were fluttering down ere the Roosevelts were completely established in the White House and the administration of our youngest ruler had fairly begun.

Budding into womanhood, just as her father was so suddenly made President, Miss Alice now found herself the cynosure for all the millions of eyes of the nation. Her every step was published and five days after the New Year of 1902, when the Chief Magistrate was said to have shaken hands with 8,100 callers, another reception was given, at which she was introduced into society. A buffet supper was served and, peeping forth from wreaths of smilax and carnations, the old-time features of George and Martha Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln beamed down from the walls upon this White House girl of a later generation, and her bevy of friends, dancing on the waxed floor of the big East Room.

It was very shortly after this, too, that Prince Henry of Prussia arrived in this country bearing a request from the German Emperor that the fair *debutante* would graciously christen his yacht, then being built in an American shipyard.

To this she gladly consented, and February twenty-fifth was a gala day at Shooter's Island, where the royal bark was launched to the music of a brass band and the blowing of hundreds of steam whistles. When all was over this cablegram was sent flashing under the Atlantic:

" His Majesty, the Emperor,
Berlin, Germany.

" The *Meteor* has been successfully launched.
I congratulate you and I thank you for your
courtesy to me and I send my best wishes.

" ALICE LEE ROOSEVELT."

Later, an invitation to attend the Coronation of King Edward of England, likewise, filled the maiden with delight; but when a question arose as to whether the daughter of a President should be received as a princess or not, Mr. Roosevelt, with true republican disgust, declared she should not accept, so, much to her chagrin, Miss Alice had to remain at home.

It was made up to her, however, by a delightful trip with congenial friends to China, Japan and the Philippines, where she was much associated with Governor Taft and his family. This Eastern tour resulted, too, in many matrimonial engagements, chief among which was that of Miss Roosevelt to Mr. Nicholas Longworth, a young lawyer and Congressman, of Cincinnati.

Many, as they watched the gay girl spinning through the streets of Washington, in her little motor car, wondered that she cared to give

up her exalted position; but, as in the case of Elizabeth Tyler, "Love ruled the Court," and on February seventeenth, 1906, the old East Room was again a bower of flowers and greenery with an improvised altar at one end.

No one to have seen Alice Roosevelt that morning, sitting, fancy work in hand, would have dreamed it was her wedding day. Indeed, some members of the family were quite distracted by her nonchalance. But when she entered on her father's arm she was a most resplendent bride in white satin and point lace, with a train of silver brocade six yards long. Superb jewels held the veil and sparkled on her corsage and she carried a shower bouquet of rare orchids.

Nicholas Longworth met her at the little altar and Bishop Satterlee quickly made them one.

Since then the young couple have made several exciting trips through the wildest parts of our western country, meeting sundry adventures in Yellowstone Park and elsewhere, but they were always glad to return to the Capital and the good people in the Homestead of the Nation.

It may be that Miss Alice enjoyed publicity, but it is very certain her brother Theodore never has. He was a lad of eleven when his father

was nominated for the Vice-Presidency and a reporter, after a visit at the Roosevelt residence, ventured to write a complimentary notice of "Teddy," Jr.

Some days later, the boy met the newspaper man, when, marching up and gazing at him severely through his iron-rimmed spectacles, he said: "My friend, I had my attention called to your article referring to me. I must ask you not to do this again. Please remember that I am not a candidate for public office. I do not seek notoriety."

When, too, he was sent away to school at Groton, he had a scrap with a fellow pupil and gave him a sound pummeling for calling him "the first boy in the land."

"I wish," he growled, "that my father would soon be done holding office. I am sick and tired of it."

The papers, though, were filled with reports of Master Ted, when he lay seriously ill with pneumonia at this same Groton school, and it was then, too, that Archie, with much difficulty, scrawled him this note of sympathy:

"I hop you are beter."

He is the philosopher of the family and has the same expansive smile as his distinguished

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parent. Interested in natural history he has made quite a creditable collection of insects, lizards, birds and such things, and is a great reader. Still, he is also devoted to outdoor sports, entering heartily into a rough and tumble game of football, while he is never happier than when on horseback.

A member of an English Educational Commission, who had visited this country on a tour of inspection, was asked what impressed him most deeply on this side of the water. His answer was:

"The children of the President of the United States sitting, side by side, with the children of your workingmen in the public schools."

This is true, for it was at the Cove District school in Oyster Bay and the Grammar school in Washington that the younger Roosevelts laid the foundation of their education. They were taught to "give and take," like all the rest and when one of them was asked how he got along with the "common boys," replied:

"My father says there are tall boys and short boys and bad boys and good boys, and that's all the kind of boys there are."

Of all the quartette of lads, Kermit is, perhaps, the fondest of pets and the one who most thoroughly sympathizes with Mr. Roosevelt

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when he tells them: "Be brave, but be gentle to little girls and to all dumb animals. A boy who maltreats animals is not worth having his neck wrung."

It is the second son who always had a colony of white mice in the basement and used to carry round in his pocket a kangaroo rat, which he would sometimes produce at mealtime and allow to hop across the table. For this particular rodent was a very tame little fellow and would nibble most daintily at the lump of sugar to which the President liked to treat him.

When the small tow-head Archie first came to the White House he quickly won the hearts of all the employés, by his cherubic smile and bewitching lisp and all were amused by the way the six-year-old shaver attached himself to the police squad detailed for duty at the Executive Mansion on holidays, always answering roll-call with them and saluting the sergeant as soberly as the men in blue and brass. He was a picture when riding abroad on Algonquin and when he was ill with the measles the servants surprised him by a visit from his dear pony. The wee horse, no bigger than a Newfoundland dog, was smuggled into the elevator and carried upstairs, while the first thing the small convalescent knew, there was "a pawing and prancing

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of each tiny hoof " across his bedroom floor. Well may you believe the diminutive calico Icelander was received with a whoop of astonished delight. He and Quentin kept the house lively, and rumors went forth of furious pillow fights which raged fiercely at early dawn and in which it was whispered, even the Head of the Nation, occasionally, condescended to take a hand.

Quentin bears the quaint old name of a Huguenot ancestor, but this baby of the family has now passed his first decade and, for some time before leaving Washington was head of a baseball nine at the Force School, which he ruled as rigidly as the President did his Cabinet.

Ethel, the present Mrs. Roosevelt's only daughter, has been brought up in the same hearty, wholesome way as her brothers and was a general favorite at the Cathedral School where her education was completed. She somewhat resembles her father in features and is a striking contrast to some of the "prune and prism" young ladies who have dwelt in the White House since 1802.

In the latter part of the summer of 1908, she celebrated her seventeenth birthday at Sagamore Hill, and how the little Puritan, Abigail Adams, would have opened her eyes could she have looked into the future and seen this Twentieth

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Century girl running a steam engine at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour.

It was last year, while traveling through Georgia with her mother, Kermit, Archie and Quentin, that she performed this feat. Joining the engineer in his cab, she learned from him the uses of the throttle, air brake, reverse lever, steam gauge and whistle, and then, taking his place, carried the train from Newman to Atlanta, and brought it in on time, too.

"That is the jolliest frolic I have ever had," declared the merry maiden as she jumped to the platform, while the dictum of the regular pilot of the road was: "She did it all and she is a wonder. With a little experience, Miss Ethel would make a good engineer. She has nerve."

In 1902 Congress again made an appropriation for repairing the White House. This time the amount was more liberal than formerly, being \$65,196, which was to be expended at the discretion of the President. So, then, the fond dreams of so many of its occupants — and especially Mrs. Benjamin Harrison — were put into tangible shape. The Mansion was enlarged, renovated and beautified, being to-day far more worthy the ruler of a great nation than it ever has been before. The vast entrance hall is as imposing again, in its elegant sim-

plicity, since the white pillars were set free from their former environment of partition and stained glass; and nothing could be more inviting than the long corridor on the upper floor, fitted up as a living-room in quiet green and gray.

Hither, Ethel and the boys came on stormy days for a game of ball, and from it opened out the bed-chambers, while at the extreme east end Mr. Roosevelt had his den, hung with swords and sticks — the cozy spot where he often burned the “midnight oil,” when others slept.

At the western end, too, new offices have been built for the President and his Cabinet, the old ones being turned into private quarters, thereby giving the resident family much more room and making life there more comfortable.

Of course, these Knickerbockers, true to their ancient traditions, made a great deal of Christmas and the New Year. Holly and mistletoe always decked windows and walls and “the stockings were hung by the chimney with care.” Some days before the festival, one of the apartments was converted into a store-room, of which only the mother and a maid held the key. In this all the presents were concealed as fast as they came in and on December twenty-fifth were

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distributed from a large oval table near one of the broad windows.

Mr. Roosevelt, noting on his wild-wood tramps the destruction of pines, cedars and hemlocks throughout the forest lands, does not altogether approve of Christmas trees, but one year little Archie made up his mind to have one:

"I'm going to fix up a tree," he confided to Quentin and, managing to smuggle a small evergreen into the house and hide it away in a large unused closet, the two urchins worked over it, with all the secrecy and enthusiasm of a veritable Santa Claus.

Then, on Christmas morning, when all the household had received their gifts, they invited their father to accompany them to the closet.

"What is up now?" he asked

"Oh, you come and see," they shouted, and away the whole family trooped at the boys' heels. The door was thrown open and there stood the festive bush, blazing with lighted tapers, and gay with glittering balls, cornucopias and streamers, and the President enjoyed the surprise as much as anybody.

Mrs. Roosevelt often gave children's parties, to which the young sons and daughters of those high in public affairs looked forward with glad anticipation. One holiday gathering was par-

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ticularly attractive, when each guest received a rosette of ribbon and tinsel, in the centre of which was set a button, inscribed "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"; when they danced to the Marine Band, and when, for once, there was a Christmas tree in the spacious main dining-room, as well as a table laden with cake, candy and fruit. The President himself came in to pass the ices; Theodore, Jr., circulated the bonbons and it was just a jolly, informal merry-making generally.

Hospitality without ostentation seemed to be the motto of the family and Mrs. Roosevelt came to her public home determined to make it as much like a private one as possible. Of course, on formal reception days, ceremony and etiquette held the floor — but at other times it was not unusual to have the Chief Magistrate turn away from an important conference to nod and wave his hand to Ethel, tripping by to the tennis court; to see Archie come dashing down the White House steps munching a piece of ginger-bread, and one tourist, at least, loves to tell how he caught the husband and wife wandering in the old Colonial garden, he with his arm about her waist, and, plucking a rose, fastened it in true lover fashion in her hair.

Very rapidly, though, have the children been

growing up. Master Teddy has left Harvard and, with the modesty and good sense for which he has always been noted, has accepted a rather lowly position in a New England factory, deciding to learn the business "from the bottom up." In November last, too, he cast his first vote for Mr. Taft.

Brown-eyed Kermit took his brother's place for a short time at Cambridge but, being a devotee of the camera, left his studies to accompany his father to Africa, as photographer of the expedition, and was given a parting dinner and grand "send-off" by his fellow-students. The ex-President and his second son hope to hunt some big game in Southern jungles, perhaps bringing down a Teddy lion or Teddy tiger.

Leaving school last spring, Miss Ethel had the honor of entering society from the Executive Mansion and made her *début* at a Christmastide ball just as her sister Alice did before her.

An ideal time for her, then, was the last winter of the Roosevelt administration, although she has done something besides dance and frivol, her mother thinking it time that she was initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping, and she took full charge of the White House linen. Every Sunday, too, found her teaching the Bible to a class of small colored boys at St. Mary's

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Chapel, while on pleasant Saturdays, during the fall, she took these same pickaninnies out to a vacant lot and taught them football, umpiring the game herself, and afterward treating them to a picnic lunch put up in the President's kitchen.

One of the marked features of the administration which has just drawn to a close, was the grand peace tour of our battleships around the world, bearing the olive branch to foreign nations, and the crowning event of Mr. Roosevelt's term, his welcome home to the glorious fleet at Hampton Roads, on the one hundred and seventy-seventh anniversary of George Washington's natal day.

The elements were unpropitious, for a depressing rain fell and a northeast wind chilled the spectators to the bone. Still, all the naval world and his wife and thousands of others were there to see and, at an early hour the President, on the *Mayflower*, sailed down from Norfolk harbor. He was in fine feather, clad in the silk hat and frock coat of the Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy; and with him were Mrs. Roosevelt, his elder daughter and young Kermit. The Harvard youth was enthusiastic, but his father was more so. The showers could not dampen his ardor and no

bluejacket on the spotless decks could have shouted "Bully! bully!" more boyishly than the Head of the Nation, when the flagship Connecticut hove in sight and sailed with stately dignity past the reviewing stand, closely followed by the other great leviathans of war and water.

"Welcome, welcome!" fluttered the three flags above the *Mayflower*, and the wireless carried the same message.

"Thank you," was wigwagged back, while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

To this, in spite of the rain, the President lifted his hat, but it struck him as funny and he fairly laughed aloud when across the waves floated the strains of "Oh, Mamie, Kiss Your Honey Boy," and his favorite fighting tune, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Receptions, feasting and festivities followed, and it was truly a great Washington's Birthday in the Old Dominion, when we welcomed our famous Atlantic Fleet home again from a foreign shore.

Ten days later, however, the Roosevelt régime drew to a close and the joyous echoes at Old Point had scarcely died away ere the scaffoldings for the inaugural of Mr. Taft were go-

ing up in Washington and eleven-year-old Quentin was mischievously singing a naughty little street song—"Hurrah, Hurrah, Father's Going to be Hung!" greatly to the annoyance of his mother, who begged him to desist.

Not that she regretted leaving the White House. Indeed, we may believe she was glad to do so, since the dread of assassination has hung over her head, like the sword of Damocles, for seven long years. The thought that her husband might meet the same fate as his predecessor has ever been in her mind, and she strongly opposed his accepting a third term, pleading—"I cannot endure four more years of this agony of fear."

Rumors of a matrimonial engagement for Miss Ethel have been whispered about, but she decidedly denies them, and will likely live quietly with her mother and Quentin at Sagamore Hill, while Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit are in Africa, for Archie is now at Groton school and Teddy—as we know—winning his way in an Eastern State.

All five are promising sprigs of good old Holland stock and if Mynheer Claes Van Rosenvelt can look down from above he must surely be proud of these bright young Knickerbockers.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HOUSEHOLD OF TAFT

HE is one of the most lovable men I ever knew."

That is what a former college mate of William Howard Taft said to me, just after his nomination in the summer of 1908; and he followed it up by remarking, "He is just like a great, big boy."

It was exactly this happy, boyish quality, combined with the rare gift of being a good and sympathetic listener, which made him so popular at Yale, in the seventies, where, as another friend declared:

"Taft was, perhaps, the best hail-fellow-well-met man in his class. . . . It was impossible for him to speak an unkind word or do an unworthy act. The same cordial greeting, the same jolly laugh, the same hearty handshake, have made the boy father to the man. Taft spent much time with the fellows at the fence and elsewhere, and joined them in all sorts of

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fun and frolic, but he never forgot that to-morrow's lessons had to be prepared.

"His room was a popular resort; but the boys generally understood that when the time for serious business arrived, they must subside or retire; and more than once Big Bill Taft had to pick up a fellow and cast him out bodily before he could secure peace and quietness."

He was finally graduated second in a class of one hundred and twenty, being salutatorian and class orator.

Retiring to his Cincinnati home, he plunged into the law, coming to that naturally, as he had to Yale, by heredity and environment; and, also, becoming intimate in a family of six girls, much given to music and literature, selected one of the sisters to be his wife.

It was a happy day, in the month of roses, when he wedded tall, slight Helen Herron, who has been his comrade in all his varied career. Very interesting, too, has that been, since President McKinley despatched him on diplomatic missions to the other side of the world, and, under Mr. Roosevelt, he has served as Civil Governor in the Philippines and wrestled with our uncertain, suspicious "little brown brother," teaching him what it means to "keep faith" and

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giving him such peace, justice and prosperity as he never dreamed of before.

Vерitable little globe trotters, too, are their three children, Robert, Helen and Charles, who, like their mother, have become quite familiar with Europe and Asia, and have acquired a smattering of many languages.

Their more recent home in Washington, when their father was Secretary of War, was like a museum, with its wealth of curiosities and souvenirs from other lands, paintings and specimens of wood-carving, for in this last, Mrs. Taft is quite a *connoisseur*, and knows all the fine points in the work of different schools and masters.

Her husband's step-brother, Mr. Charles Taft — the noted art collector of Cincinnati — has no more appreciative admirer of his treasures than his sister-in-law.

In her native city, too, she was one of the founders of a famous musical organization, the Symphony Orchestra, and formerly kept up her daily hours of practice religiously. Now, however, she seldom performs in public, reserving her piano-playing for the home circle.

The eighteen-year-old daughter is even taller than her mother and quite as comely and attrac-

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tive in manner, but the dimple in her chin she inherits from her father. When a small child, she met with an accident, which resulted in injury to her back, so she has been obliged to wear a brace. Consequently outdoor sports do not appeal to her as much as to Ethel Roosevelt, although she enjoys an occasional game of tennis with her brother Robert and is fond of horseback riding, in which she prefers the masculine fashion.

"I suppose it will have to be a side-saddle in Washington," she says, "although I learned to ride with the cross-saddle in the Philippines. The other way is much more sensible."

Studious and a fine scholar, she has, so far, shown a greater fancy for books than for teas and dances; but when her education was so far advanced that college was the only thing remaining and she had won a \$300 scholarship in the entrance examinations at Bryn-Mawr, Mrs. Taft said:

"I don't know whether I want Helen to go to school longer or not. She likes to study, but so many of her girl friends are leaving school and taking their places in society, that when she is free they will most of them be married or grown away from her, and her first social season will have lost some of its charm."

Nevertheless, the maiden of "sweet sixteen" entered Bryn-Mawr and is captivated with college life. Whether the inducement of being a White House belle will tempt her away before the end of her course remains to be seen, as her parents have left it to her to decide.

At present, the idea of ceremonious receptions at the Mansion seem rather distasteful to her.

"It's ghastly to think of standing in a row with lots of other prim people and shaking hands with hundreds," she declares. "I like fun and hate formality."

She and her brother Robert Alphonso are great chums and she is as proud as he of all the prizes he has carried off at Yale. Now in his junior year, Bob Taft bids fair to excel both father and grandfather, and leave the old *alma mater* as "first man."

The youngest child, though, is the infant prodigy of the family. Named for his art-loving uncle, twelve-year-old Charley is something of a "holy terror" and, when not absorbed in a book, is never still for an instant.

During last year's campaign, when Mr. Taft made his first speech at Hot Springs, his irrepressible hopeful was heard to shout:

"Come on, boys! pop's going to spout," while, at a dramatic point, a sizzling firecracker

came flying through the air and landed on the speaker's shoulder. But the orator only laughed, for well he knew from whence it came.

At the Force School Charley used to play on Quentin Roosevelt's baseball team. One day, however, when a game was arranged, he wished to attend a picnic and applied to have his contract cancelled, just like a professional.

Quentin was annoyed. "You can't go," he said. "There is no one to take your place."

"Well, I have made a date and I have to go and that settles it," declared young Taft.

"If you desert we'll fill your place," retorted Quentin, asserting his authority as captain.

Charley went to the picnic but he played no more with the Roosevelt Nine and has since turned his attention to golf.

"You can't get the swing, unless you begin young," said Mr. Taft, as he hunted up a teacher for his boy and applauded the change of games. For the President is a most enthusiastic golfer, doing his "81" with ease, and never more contented than when on the Fair Greens chasing the fascinating white pellet.

Inclined to portliness, the "Big Fellow" keeps down his flesh by means of this enjoyable exercise and announced immediately after his election: "I am going to do my part to make

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golf one of the popular outdoor exercises. A man of my build requires exercise in the open air and exercise to be beneficial must be entertaining. In golf there is just enough skill required to get up a keen interest in the game and this takes up your thoughts, while you are getting a five or six mile walk."

It is safe to predict that the Chevy Chase Links will be a favorite resort for the presidential family during the next four years.

Mrs. Taft often follows her husband around the golf course, although she does not play, her favorite amusement being a quiet, scientific game of bridge whist at home.

Loving politics even better than the President, the past year has been to her a most exciting one, and the month of June, 1908, when the Republican Convention met at Chicago, was naturally a period of anxiety to both her and her children.

At last, one afternoon, a trim figure in a white linen suit and flower-laden hat, might have been seen emerging from a substantial brick house on K Street, in Washington and, in company with a few friends, go tripping over the heated pavements to the War Department, where the door-keeper greeted her with a sympathetic grin. For well he knew she had come

to learn the fate of *her* candidate, in the Phœnix City. In the office of the Secretary of War, then, she waited with all the patience she could command, until the little telegraph instrument ticked off the words: "Taft nominated," when congratulations sounded on all sides.

Meanwhile, within the K Street residence a girl was wandering nervously up and down, unable to settle down to anything. It was Miss Helen, and afterward, she thus described her feelings on the eventful day:

"Mamma went over early and I intended to go down, too, but I was so restless. When I tried to read 'Chicago' danced all over the pages. I tried doing my hair different ways, but it did no good. About two o'clock I went down and, finally the news came and then I am not just sure what did happen."

In November the People ratified the choice then made, while the fourth of March, 1909, brought to a glad culmination the campaign begun in June.

This is the household which has recently taken the place of the bunch of Knickerbockers and from far and near gathered the Taft clan — twenty-seven of them — ranging in age from Miss Delia Torrey, the President's aged aunt of eighty-two, down to year-old Baby Ingalls,

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his grand-niece, all eager to see their "big man," crowned with the country's choicest gift.

"It seems good to have an established home," remarked genial William Howard, as he entered the White House on the eve of his inauguration, the guest of the out-going occupant. "For nine years I have lived in my hat."

At the breakfast table next morning, however, he said to his host, glancing out at the fierce snowstorm then raging: "Mr. President, even the elements protest. I knew it would be a cold day when I became President."

"Mr. President-elect!" was Roosevelt's quick rejoinder, "I knew there would be a blizzard clear up to the minute I went out of office."

A blizzard it was, indeed, and few Chief Magistrates have been inaugurated in such a storm. The grand parade was seriously marred and, for the first time since Jackson, the inaugural address was delivered under a roof.

Mr. Taft took the oath of office in the Senate Chamber, and it might have been termed a violet function, so many of the women wore that flower, to match their purple gowns. His voice was clear, and curiously enough, when he kissed the open Bible, his lips rested reverently, though quite unintentionally, upon King Solomon's prayer for wisdom:

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" Give, therefore, Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad; for who is able to judge Thy so great people."

Setting an entirely fresh precedent, Mrs. Taft rode back from the Capitol in the same carriage with the newly-made President and Vice-President, entering the White House as its mistress just one hundred years from the time winsome Dolly Madison began her ever-remembered and captivating reign there.

" Good-bye, Teddy! " chorused the crowd, as the ex-ruler boarded the train for New York and, declaring he had had " a bully time as President," Theodore Roosevelt gaily passed out of office, for " The King is dead; long live the King! " and all over the land a funny little " Billy " Possum is endeavoring to drive " Teddy Bear " from the arms and affections of Young America.

At eventide, some rays of light struggled through the clouds and the grand inaugural ball at night was far more of a success than the day had been.

The first lady's empire robe was richly embroidered with goldenrod, which so many have thought should be our national flower; while

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Miss Helen danced in a pretty girlish gown of white *mousseline de soie*, relieved by blue ribbons.

Meanwhile, outside, Pennsylvania Avenue was turned into a "Great White Way," with miles of illuminations, and wonderful pyrotechnics delighted the populace.

The Taft boys, too, attracted their share of attention, but, as this story of a Century of White House life goes to press, the historic Mansion is quiet enough, Helen and Robert having returned to college and the youngest being away at his uncle's school in Connecticut.

"Charles is to go to Yale University, and Robert to the Harvard Law School as soon as he is graduated," confided their mother to an interviewer, "for, like his father, he will make law his profession."

"I suppose," she added laughingly, "Charley will be a lawyer, too; there is so much law in the family that he will come naturally by it."

Only at holiday time, then, can the sons of the household be much in Washington, but, ere long, brown-eyed Helen Taft will take her place as the Daughter of the National Homestead, enjoying her first social season and dreaming her girlish dreams in the same old rooms as high-bred Maria Monroe, willful Hortensia Hay,

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charming Harriet Lane, the merry Randolphs, Anna Payne and blithe Nellie Grant. Perhaps she may pore over the same volumes as brainy Mary Fillmore and, like fair, saucy Alice Tyler, she will certainly worship at old St. John's, where she was confirmed a few years ago, in the same class with Ethel Roosevelt. Thither, her mother will accompany her, but not so her father, as our twenty-seventh President comes of a long line of Unitarians and is a member of All Souls' Church.

The roguish faces of Archie and Quentin will be missed but, when at home, young Charley will largely fill their place, as he frolics and plays his elfish pranks in the spacious grounds and long corridors where have romped the bright Hayes and Garfield children, the little Pattersons and Stovers, mischievous Tad Lincoln and his brother Willie, Nellie Arthur, "Baby McKee" and many other boys and girls of the White House.







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